

PS 2267

.A1

1905

Copy 1

1905



Class PS 2267

Book A1

1905
Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

HIAWATHA

PART I

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

NOTES BY W. F. ROCHELEAU

AUTHOR OF

"GREAT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES," "THE GEOGRAPHY OF COMMERCE AND
INDUSTRY," "FABLES AND TALES," AND "NOTES ON EVANGELINE,
SNOWBOUND, ENOCH ARDEN AND RIP VAN WINKLE."

3
3
3
3
3
3

CHICAGO

ORVILLE BREWER PUBLISHING CO.,

1905

PS 2267
A1
- 1905

LIBRARY of CONGRESS	
Two Copies Received	
DEC 8 1905	
Copyright Entry	
<i>Dep. 27. 1905</i>	
CLASS <i>a</i>	XXc. No.
<i>127804</i>	
COPY B.	

COPYRIGHT, 1905,
BY ORVILLE BREWER.

21

CONTENTS

	PAGE
LONGFELLOW, BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	V
HIAWATHA	
INTRODUCTION	1
I. THE PEACE PIPE	5
II. THE FOUR WINDS	9
III. HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD	18
IV. HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS	25
V. HIAWATHA'S FASTING	33
VI. HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS	41
VII. HIAWATHA'S SAILING	46
VIII. HIAWATHA'S FISHING	50
IX. HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL FEATHER	57
X. HIAWATHA'S WOOING	66
INTRODUCTION TO NOTES	74
NOTES	75
GLOSSARY	86

LONGFELLOW

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

Henry W. Longfellow, America's most popular poet, was born in Portland, Me., Feb. 22, 1807. His father was a graduate of Harvard College and one of the leading lawyers of the town, and was at one time a member of Congress. His mother, Zilpah Wordsworth, was a descendant from John Alden and Priscilla Mullens whom the poet immortalized in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*. We know but little of Longfellow's childhood and youth. He spent his early years amid the charming scenery of Portland and its surroundings, with an occasional visit to the forests of Maine, where some of his mother's relatives lived. His recollections of Portland form a good part of the charming poem, *My Lost Youth*, and from his sojourn in the Maine woods he was enabled to describe the "forest primeval" with which he introduces us to the abode of Evangeline.

At the age of fifteen we find Longfellow a student in Bowdoin College. Among his classmates were Nathaniel Hawthorne, John S. C. Abbott, and a number of others who became prominent in literature, law or politics. The poet's college career was uneventful. He was a thorough and industrious student and graduated second in a class of thirty-seven. Soon after he entered college his poetic powers attracted attention, and during his stay at Bowdoin a number of his poems found their way into many daily and weekly papers. As a student he manifested those traits of character which made him universally loved in later years. He was always kind, courteous and sociable, a true friend and a perfect gentleman.

On completing his college course Longfellow began the study of law in his father's office. But previous to this he had written his father that he believed himself to be fitted for a literary career and that in such a career he would succeed. He soon learned that he was in no wise suited for the law, the profession which his father wanted him to follow. At about this time he received the appointment of professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College, with leave of absence to enable him to study abroad. With this appointment the poet's eminent career began. He was but twenty-two years of age and was the first professor of modern languages appointed in

an American college. He spent nearly three years in Europe, visiting France, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain and England, and studying the languages and literatures of these countries. Two years after his return he married Miss Mary Storer Potter, a lady of most charming character. Four years later Mrs. Longfellow died while accompanying the poet on a second tour of Europe. This great sorrow overshadowed the poet's life and affected his work for a number of years, during which some of his saddest poems were written. In the *Footsteps of Angels*, written in memory of Mrs. Longfellow, he speaks of her as the Being Beauteous.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

And with them the Being Beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else to love me,
And now a saint in heaven.

Before he went abroad the second time Mr. Longfellow had been appointed professor of modern languages in Harvard, and on his return he took up his abode in Cambridge, residing at the Craigie house, which he afterwards purchased. The house was already famous as the headquarters of Washington during the siege of Boston in the Revolutionary War, and the young professor was given the room formerly occupied by the great commander. He recalls the former occupant in these lines:

Once, ah once within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls,
The Father of his Country dwelt.
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.

Longfellow faithfully discharged his duties at Harvard for seventeen years, when he gave up the position to devote his time entirely to literary work. He was succeeded by another distinguished author and poet, James Russell Lowell. A few years after assuming his duties at Harvard, Longfellow married Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, who was the Mary Ashburton of *Hyperion*, a prose romance which he wrote after his second trip abroad. Five children were born

to this union, two sons and three daughters. Charles, the eldest son, won distinction in the Civil War, and Ernest became a celebrated artist. The poet has made us acquainted with the daughters in the *Children's Hour*.

From my study I see in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra,
And Edith with golden hair.

Many of his best known and more fondly cherished poems were written while he was at Harvard. The first volume of his verse, *Voices of the Night*, appeared in 1839. Says one of his biographers:

"There is not one of the *Voices of the Night* that is not familiar as household words. The lines and phrases pass current in fragments of quotation. The ideas and metrical forms are as unmistakable as doxologies and proverbs. The solemn monotone of *The Psalm of Life* was heard around the world. *The Beleaguered City*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *The Light of Stars* and *Flowers*, have a spiritual as well as an earthly beauty. They are a gospel of good-will in music. * * * These poems and others in the succeeding volumes like them, are our heart treasures. They are our and our children's inheritance. They are wholly without parallel in our day in the quality of touching and elevating the moral nature."

Three years later the volume, *Ballads*, appeared. Many of these ballads are also household words. For more than two generations *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Skeleton in Armor*, *Excelsior*, and a host of others have been mouthed by school boys from one end of the country to the other.

Longfellow's best poems were suggested by incidents or experiences and were written without effort. *The Psalm of Life* was written one bright, sunny morning as the poet was looking from his window and admiring the beauty of nature, just as he was emerging from the period of gloom and sorrow caused by the death of his wife. By many this is considered the most famous of all his productions, and it has been translated into the languages of all civilized nations. *Excelsior*, also widely known, was suggested by seeing the word on a scrap of paper which the poet picked up on the street. Immediately his imagination took fire. He took from his pocket a letter from Charles Sumner, and on the back of it at once wrote the poem, substantially as published. Concerning the purpose of this

poem, the author says: "It was my intention to display, in a series of pictures, the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose." *The Old Clock on the Stair* was suggested by an ancient time piece standing in the hallway of the Appleton residence at Pittsfield. *Resignation*, by the death of his little daughter Fanny.

Following his resignation at Harvard, Mr. Longfellow engaged in more arduous literary work and the next few years were the most productive of all. To this period belong *Evangeline*, *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Hiawatha*, *The Tales of the Wayside Inn*, several translations and other short poems. *Paul Revere's Ride*, *King Robert of Sicily* and *Legend Beautiful* are among the best known of the Tales. Others are based on the legends and folk lore of the Old World and all are of interest. *Birds of Passage* is another collection of short poems containing many well-known favorites.

Longfellow has been appropriately styled the children's poet. His songs have gladdened the hearts and stirred the best impulses of the boys and girls from the time of their publication, and no other poet of the land is read and loved by so many young people. On Feb. 22, 1879, the poet's seventy-second birthday, the children of Cambridge presented him with a chair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree" of the *Village Blacksmith*. The touching poem, *From my Arm-Chair*, was his response to his young friends.

The next year his last volume of poems, *Ultima Thule*, was issued. In 1881 his strength began to fail, and early in the following winter Longfellow was obliged to deny himself to callers. This was one of his greatest trials. For nearly fifty years the Craigie House had been his home and his workshop, and during all this time its door had never been closed to visitors, and the poet was never too busy to extend a glad hand and give a word of cheer and comfort to the humblest caller.

On March 25, 1882, surrounded by the members of his family, he passed to the better land. "He passed away in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

"There is no flower of meek delight,
There is no star of heavenly pride,
That shines not sweeter and more bright
Because he lived, loved, sang and died."

INTRODUCTION

Should you ask me, whence these stories?
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the odors of the forest,
With the dew and damp of meadows,
With the curling smoke of wigwams, 5
With the rushing of great rivers,
With their frequent repetitions,
And their wild reverberations,
As of thunder in the mountains?
I should answer, I should tell you, 10
“From the forests and the prairies,
From the great lakes of the Northland,
From the land of the Ojibways,
From the land of the Dacotahs,
From the mountains, moors, and fen-lands, 15
Where the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Feeds among the reeds and rushes,
I repeat them as I heard them
From the lips of Nawadaha,
The musician, the sweet singer.” 20
Should you ask where Nawadaha
Found these songs so wild and wayward,
Found these legends and traditions,
I should answer, I should tell you,
“In the bird’s-nests of the forest, 25
In the lodges of the beaver,
In the hoof-prints of the bison,
In the eyry of the eagle!
“All the wild-fowl sang them to him,
In the moorlands and the fen-lands, 30

In the melancholy marshes;
 Chetowaik, the plover, sang them,
 Mahn, the loon, the wild goose, Wawa,
 The blue heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 And the grouse, the Mushkodasa!" 35

If still further you should ask me,
 Saying, "Who was Nawadaha?
 Tell us of this Nawadaha,"
 I should answer your inquiries
 Straightway in such words as follow. 40

"In the Vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley,
 By the pleasant water-courses,
 Dwelt the singer Nawadaha.
 Round about the Indian village 45
 Spread the meadows and the cornfields,
 And beyond them stood the forest,
 Stood the groves of singing pine-trees,
 Green in Summer, white in Winter,
 Ever sighing, ever singing. 50

"And the pleasant water-courses,
 You could trace them through the valley,
 By the rushing in the Spring-time,
 By the alders in the Summer,
 By the white fog in the Autumn, 55
 By the black line in the Winter;
 And beside them dwelt the singer,
 In the vale of Tawasentha,
 In the green and silent valley.

"There he sang of Hiawatha, 60
 Sang the Song of Hiawatha,
 Sang his wondrous birth and being,
 How he prayed and how he fasted,
 How he lived, and toiled, and suffered,
 That the tribes of men might prosper, 65
 That he might advance his people!"

Ye who love the haunts of Nature,
 Love the sunshine of the meadow,
 Love the shadow of the forest,
 Love the wind among the branches, 70
 And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
 And the rushing of great rivers,
 Through their palisades of pine-trees,
 And the thunder in the mountains,
 Whose innumerable echoes 75
 Flap like eagles in their eyries;—
 Listen to those wild traditions,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye who love a nation's legends,
 Love the ballads of a people, 80
 That like voices from afar off
 Call to us to pause and listen,
 Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
 Scarcely can the ear distinguish
 Whether they are sung or spoken;— 85
 Listen to this Indian Legend,
 To this Song of Hiawatha!

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
 Who have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe that in all ages 90
 Every human heart is human,
 That in even savage bosoms
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings
 For the good they comprehend not,
 That the feeble hands and helpless, 95
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness
 And are lifted up and strengthened;—
 Listen to this simple story,
 To this song of Hiawatha! 100

Ye who sometimes, in your rambles
 Through the green lanes of the country,

Where the tangled barberry-bushes
Hang their tufts of crimson berries
Over stone walls gray with mosses, 105
Pause by some neglected graveyard,
For a while to muse, and ponder
On a half-effaced inscription,
Written with little skill of song-craft,
Homely phrases, but each letter 110
Full of hope and yet of heart-break,
Full of all the tender pathos
Of the Here and the Hereafter;—
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of Hiawatha! 115

THE SONG OF HIAWATHA

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE

On the Mountains of the Prairie,
On the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
He the Master of Life, descending,
On the red crags of the quarry 5
Stood erect, and called the nations,
Called the tribes of men together.

From his footprints flowed a river,
Leaped into the light of morning,
O'er the precipice plunging downward 10
Gleamed like Ishkoodah, the comet.
And the Spirit, stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadow
Traced a winding pathway for it,
Saying to it, "Run in this way!" 15

From the red stone of the quarry
With his hand he broke a fragment,
Moulded it into a pipe-head,
Shaped and fashioned it with figures;
From the margin of the river 20
Took a long reed for a pipe-stem,
With its dark green leaves upon it;
Filled the pipe with bark of willow,
With the bark of the red willow;
Breathed upon the neighboring forest, 25
Made its great boughs chafe together,
Till in flame they burst and kindled;

And erect upon the mountains,
Gitche Manito, the mighty,
Smoked the calumet, the Peace-Pipe, 30
As a signal to the nations.

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,
Through the tranquil air of morning,
First a single line of darkness,
Then a denser, bluer vapor, 35
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,
Like the tree-tops of the forest,
Ever rising, rising, rising,
Till it touched the top of heaven,
Till it broke against the heaven, 40
And rolled outward all around it.

From the Vale of Tawasentha,
From the Valley of Wyoming,
From the groves of Tuscaloosa,
From the far-off Rocky Mountains, 45
From the Northern lakes and rivers,
All the tribes beheld the signal,
Saw the distant smoke ascending,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe.

And the Prophets of the nations 50
Said: "Behold it, the Pukwana!
By this signal from afar off,
Bending like a wand of willow,
Waving like a hand that beckons,
Gitche Manito, the mighty, 55
Calls the tribes of men together,
Calls the warriors to his council!"

Down the rivers, o'er the prairies,
Came the warriors of the nations,
Came the Delawares and Mohawks, 60
Came the Choctaws and Camanches,
Came the Shoshonies and Blackfeet,
Came the Pawnees and Omahas,

The Peace-Pipe

7

Came the Mandans and Dacotahs,
Came the Hurons and Ojibways, 65
All the warriors drawn together
By the signal of the Peace-Pipe,
To the Mountains of the Prairie,
To the great Red Pipe-stone Quarry.

And they stood there on the meadow, 70
With their weapons and their war-gear,
Painted like the leaves of Autumn,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Wildly glaring at each other;
In their faces stern defiance, 75
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.

Gitche Manito, the mighty,
The creator of the nations, 80
Looked upon them with compassion,
With paternal love and pity;
Looked upon their wrath and wrangling
But as quarrels among children,
But as feuds and fights of children! 85

Over them he stretched his right hand,
To subdue their stubborn natures,
To allay their thirst and fever,
By the shadow of his right hand;
Spake to them with voice majestic 90
As the sound of far-off waters
Falling into deep abysses,
Warning, chiding, spake in this wise:—

“O my children! my poor children!
Listen to the words of wisdom, 95
Listen to the words of warning,
From the lips of the Great Spirit,
From the Master of Life, who made you!

“I have given you lands to hunt in,

I have given you streams to fish in, 100
I have given you bear and bison,
I have given you roe and reindeer,
I have given you brant and beaver,
Filled the marshes full of wild-fowl,
Filled the rivers full of fishes; 105
Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?

“I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance, 110
Of your wranglings and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together. 115

“I will send a Prophet to you,
A Deliverer of the nations,
Who shall guide you and shall teach you
Who shall toil and suffer with you.
If you listen to his counsels, 120
You will multiply and prosper;
If his warnings pass unheeded,
You will fade away and perish!

“Bathe now in the stream before you,
Wash the war-paint from your faces, 125
Wash the blood-stains from your fingers,
Bury your war-clubs and your weapons,
Break the red stone from this quarry,
Mould and make it into Peace-Pipes,
Take the reeds that grow beside you, 130
Deck them with your brightest feathers,
Smoke the calumet together,
And as brothers live henceforward!”

Then upon the ground the warriors
Threw their cloaks and shirts of deer-skin, 135

Threw their weapons and their war-gear,
 Leaped into the rushing river,
 Washed the war-paint from their faces.
 Clear above them flowed the water,
 Clear and limpid from the footprints 140
 Of the Master of Life descending;
 Dark below them flowed the water,
 Soiled and stained with streaks of crimson,
 As if blood were mingled with it!

From the river came the warriors, 145
 Clean and washed from all their war-paint;
 On the banks their clubs they buried,
 Buried all their warlike weapons.
 Gitche Manito, the mighty,
 The Great Spirit, the creator, 150
 Smiled upon his helpless children.

And in silence all the warriors
 Broke the red stone of the quarry,
 Smoothed and formed it into Peace-Pipes,
 Broke the long reeds by the river, 155
 Decked them with their brightest feathers,
 And departed each one homeward,
 While the Master of Life, ascending,
 Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
 Through the doorways of the heaven, 160
 Vanished from before their faces,
 In the smoke that rolled around him,
 The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

“HONOR be to Mudjekeewis!”
 Cried the warriors, cried the old men,
 When he came in triumph homeward

With the sacred Belt of Wampum,
From the regions of the North-Wind, 5
From the kingdom of Wabasso,
From the land of the White Rabbit.

He had stolen the Belt of Wampum
From the neck of Mishe-Mokwa,
From the Great Bear of the mountains 10
From the terror of the nations,
As he lay asleep and cumbrous
On the summit of the mountains,
Like a rock with mosses on it,
Spotted brown and gray with mosses. 15

Silently he stole upon him,
Till the red nails of the monster
Almost touched him, almost scared him,
Till the hot breath of his nostrils
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis, 20
As he drew the Belt of Wampum
Over the round ears, that heard not,
Over the small eyes, that saw not,
Over the long nose and nostrils,
The black muffle of the nostrils, 25
Out of which the heavy breathing
Warmed the hands of Mudjekeewis.

Then he swung aloft his war-club,
Shouted loud and long his war-cry,
Smote the mighty Mishe-Mokwa 30
In the middle of the forehead,
Right between the eyes he smote him.

With the heavy blow bewildered,
Rose the Great Bear of the mountains;
But his knees beneath him trembled, 35
And he whimpered like a woman,
As he reeled and staggered forward,
As he sat upon his haunches;
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,

The Four Winds

11

Standing fearlessly before him, 40
Taunted him in loud derision,
Spake disdainfully in this wise:—

“Hark you, Bear! you are a coward,
And no Brave, as you pretended;
Else you would not cry and whimper 45
Like a miserable woman!

Bear! you know our tribes are hostile,
Long have been at war together;
Now you find that we are strongest,
You go sneaking in the forest, 50

You go hiding in the mountains!
Had you conquered me in battle
Not a groan would I have uttered;
But you, Bear! sit here and whimper,
And disgrace your tribe by crying, 55
Like a wretched Shaugodaya,
Like a cowardly old woman!”

Then again he raised his war-club,
Smote again the Mishe-Mokwa
In the middle of his forehead, 60
Broke his skull, as ice is broken
When one goes to fish in Winter.
Thus was slain the Mishe-Mokwa,
He the Great Bear of the mountains,
He the terror of the nations. 65

“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!”
With a shout exclaimed the people,
“Honor be to Mudjekeewis!
Henceforth he shall be the West-Wind,
And hereafter and forever 70
Shall he hold supreme dominion
Over all the winds of heaven.

Call him no more Mudjekeewis,
Call him Kabeyun, the West-Wind!”
Thus was Mudjekeewis chosen 75

Father of the Winds of Heaven.
For himself he kept the West-Wind,
Gave the others to his children;
Unto Wabun gave the East-Wind,
Gave the South to Shawondasee, 80
And the North-Wind, wild and cruel,
To the fierce Kabibonokka.

Young and beautiful was Wabun;
He it was who brought the morning,
He it was whose silver arrows 85
Chased the dark o'er hill and valley;
He it was whose cheeks were painted
With the brightest streaks of crimson,
And whose voice awoke the village,
Called the deer, and called the hunter. 90

Lonely in the sky was Wabun;
Though the birds sang gayly to him,
Though the wild-flowers of the meadow
Filled the air with odors for him,
Though the forests and the rivers 95
Sang and shouted at his coming,
Still his heart was sad within him,
For he was alone in heaven.

But one morning, gazing earthward,
While the village still was sleeping, 100
And the fog lay on the river,
Like a ghost, that goes at sunrise,
He beheld a maiden walking
All alone upon a meadow,
Gathering water-flags and rushes 105
By a river in the meadow.

Every morning, gazing earthward,
Still the first thing he beheld there
Was her blue eyes looking at him,
Two blue lakes among the rushes. 110
And he loved the lonely maiden,

Who thus waited for his coming;
For they both were solitary,
She on earth and he in heaven.

And he wooed her with caresses, 115
With his flattering words he wooed her,
With his sighing and his singing,
Gentlest whispers in the branches,
Softest music, sweetest odors, 120
Till he drew her to his bosom,
Folded in his robes of crimson,
Till into a star he changed her,
Trembling still upon his bosom;
And forever in the heavens 125
They are seen together walking,
Wabun and the Wabun-Annung,
Wabun and the Star of Morning.

But the fierce Kabibonokka
Had his dwelling among icebergs, 130
In the everlasting snow-drifts,
In the kingdom of Wabasso,
In the land of the White Rabbit.
He it was whose hand in Autumn
Painted all the trees with scarlet, 135
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward, 140
Drove the cormorant and curlew
To their nests of sedge and sea-tang
In the realms of Shawondasee.

Once the fierce Kabibonokka
Issued from his lodge of snow-drifts, 145
From his home among the icebergs,
And his hair, with snow besprinkled,
Streamed behind him like a river,

Like a black and wintry river,
As he howled and hurried southward, 150
Over frozen lakes and moorlands.

There among the reeds and rushes
Found he Shingebis, the diver,
Trailing strings of fish behind him,
O'er the frozen fens and moorlands, 155
Lingering still among the moorlands,
Though his tribe had long departed
To the land of Shawondasee.

Cried the fierce Kabibonokka,
"Who is this that dares to brave me? 160
Dares to stay in my dominions,
When the Wawa has departed,
When the wild-goose has gone southward,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Long ago departed southward? 165
I will go into his wigwam,
I will put his smouldering fire out!"

And at night Kabibonokka
To the lodge came wild and wailing
Heaped the snow in drifts about it, 170
Shouted down into the smoke-flue,
Shook the lodge-poles in his fury,
Flapped the curtains of the door-way.
Shingebis, the diver, feared not,
Shingebis, the diver, cared not; 175
Four great logs had he for wire-wood,
One for each moon of the winter,
And for food the fishes served him.
By his blazing fire he sat there,
Warm and merry, eating, laughing, 180
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!"

Then Kabibonokka entered.
And though Shingebis, the diver,

The Four Winds

15

Felt his presence by the coldness, 185
Felt his icy breath upon him,
Still he did not cease his singing,
Still he did not leave his laughing,
Only turned the log a little,
Only made the fire burn brighter, 190
Made the sparks fly up the smoke-flue.

From Kabibonokka's forehead,
From his snow-besprinkled tresses,
Drops of sweat fell fast and heavy,
Making dints upon the ashes, 195
As along the eaves of lodges,
As from drooping boughs of hemlock,
Drips the melting snow in spring-time,
Making hollows in the snow-drifts.

Till at last he rose defeated, 200
Could not bear the heat and laughter,
Could not bear the merry singing,
But rushed headlong through the door-way,
Stamped upon the crusted snow-drifts,
Stamped upon the lakes and rivers, 205
Made the snow upon them harder,
Made the ice upon them thicker,
Challenged Shingebis, the diver,
To come forth and wrestle with him,
To come forth and wrestle naked 210
On the frozen fens and moorlands.

Forth went Shingebis, the diver,
Wrestled all night with the North-Wind,
Wrestled naked on the moorlands
With the fierce Kabibonokka, 215
Till his panting breath grew fainter,
Till his frozen grasp grew feebler,
Till he reeled and staggered backward,
And retreated, baffled, beaten,
To the kingdom of Wabasso, 220

To the land of the White Rabbit,
Hearing still the gusty laughter,
Hearing Shingebis, the diver,
Singing, "O Kabibonokka,
You are but my fellow-mortal!" 225

Shawondasee, fat and lazy,—
Had his dwelling far to southward,
In the drowsy, dreamy sunshine,
In the never-ending Summer.
He it was who sent the wool-birds, 230
Sent the robin, the Opechee,
Sent the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Sent the Shawshaw, sent the swallow,
Sent the wild-goose, Wawa, northward,
Sent the melons and tobacco 235
And the grapes in purple clusters.

From his pipe the smoke ascending
Filled the sky with haze and vapor,
Filled the air with dreamy softness,
Gave a twinkle to the water. 240
Touched the rugged hills with smoothness,
Brought the tender Indian Summer
To the melancholy North-land,
In the dreary Moon of Snow-shoes.

Listless, careless Shawondasee! 245
In his life he had one shadow,
In his heart one sorrow had he.
Once, as he was gazing northward,
Far away upon a prairie
He beheld a maiden standing, 250
Saw a tall and slender maiden
All alone upon a prairie;
Brightest green were all her garments,
And her hair was like the sunshine.

Day by day he gazed upon her, 255
Day by day he sighed with passion,

Day by day his heart within him
 Grew more hot with love and longing
 For the maid with yellow tresses.
 But he was too fat and lazy 260
 To bestir himself and woo her;
 Yes, too indolent and easy
 To pursue her and persuade her.
 So he only gazed upon her,
 Only sat and sighed with passion 265
 For the maiden of the prairie.

Till one morning, looking northward,
 He beheld her yellow tresses
 Changed and covered o'er with whiteness,
 Covered as with whitest snow-flakes. 270
 "Ah! my brother from the North-land,
 From the kingdom of Wabasso,
 From the land of the White Rabbit!
 You have stolen the maiden from me,
 You have laid your hand upon her, 275
 You have wooed and won my maiden
 With your stories of the North-land!"

Thus the wretched Shawondasee
 Breathed into the air his sorrow;
 And the South-Wind o'er the prairie 280
 Wandered warm with sighs of passion,
 With the sighs of Shawondasee,
 Till the air seemed full of snow-flakes,
 Full of thistle-down the prairie,
 And the maid with hair like sunshine 285
 Vanished from his sight forever;
 Never more did Shawondasee
 See the maid with yellow tresses!

Poor, deluded Shawondasee!
 'Twas no woman that you gazed at, 290
 'Twas no maiden that you sighed for,
 'Twas the prairie dandelion

That through all the dreamy Summer
 You had gazed at with such longing,
 You had sighed for with such passion, 295
 And had puffed away forever,
 Blown into the air with sighing.
 Ah! deluded Shawondasee!

Thus the Four Winds were divided;
 Thus the sons of Mudjekeewis 300
 Had their stations in the heavens,
 At the corners of the heavens;
 For himself the West-Wind only
 Kept the mighty Mudjekeewis.

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

DOWNWARD through the evening twilight,
 In the days that are forgotten,
 In the unremembered ages,
 From the full moon fell Nokomis,
 Fell the beautiful Nokomis, 5
 She a wife but not a mother.

She was sporting with her women,
 Swinging in a swing of grape-vines,
 When her rival, the rejected,
 Full of jealousy and hatred, 10
 Cut the leafy swing asunder,
 Cut in twain the twisted grape-vines,
 And Nokomis fell affrighted
 Downward through the evening twilight,
 On the Muskoday, the meadow, 15
 On the prairie full of blossoms.

"See! a star falls!" said the people,
 "From the sky a star is falling!"

There among the ferns and mosses,

There among the prairie lilies, 20
On the Muskoday, the meadow,
In the moonlight and the starlight,
Fair Nokomis bore a daughter.

And she called her name Wenonah, 25
As the first-born of her daughters.

And the daughter of Nokomis
Grew up like the prairie lilies,
Grew a tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight. 30

And Nokomis warned her often,
Saying oft, and oft repeating,
"Oh, beware of Mudjekeewis,
Of the West-Wind, Mudjekeewis;
Listen not to what he tells you; 35
Lie not down upon the meadow,
Stoop not down among the lilies,
Lest the West-Wind come and harm you!"

But she heeded not the warning, 40
Heeded not those words of wisdom.

And the West-Wind came at evening,
Walking lightly o'er the prairie,
Whispering to the leaves and blossoms,
Bending low the flowers and grasses,
Found the beautiful Wenonah, 45

Lying there among the lilies,
Wooped her with his words of sweetness,
Wooped her with his soft caresses,
Till she bore a son in sorrow,
Bore a son of love and sorrow. 50

Thus was born my Hiawatha,
Thus was born the child of wonder;
But the daughter of Nokomis,
Hiawatha's gentle mother,
In her anguish died deserted 55

By the West-Wind, false and faithless,
By the heartless Mudjekeewis.

For her daughter, long and loudly
Wailed and wept the sad Nokomis;
“Oh that I were dead!” she murmured, 60
“Oh that I were dead, as thou art!
No more work, and no more weeping,
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!”

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water, 65
Stood the wigwam of Nokomis
Daughter of the Moon, Nokomis.
Dark behind it rose the forest,
Rose the black and gloomy pine-trees,
Rose the firs with cones upon them; 70
Bright before it beat the water,
Beat the clear and sunny water,
Beat the shining Big-Sea-Water.

There the wrinkled old Nokomis
Nursed the little Hiawatha, 75
Rocked him in his linden cradle,
Bedded soft in moss and rushes,
Safely bound with reindeer sinews;
Stilled his fretful wail by saying,
“Hush! the Naked Bear will hear thee!” 80
Lulled him into slumber, singing,
“Ewa-yea! my little owlet!
Who is this, that lights the wigwam?
With his great eyes lights the wigwam?
Ewa-yea! my little owlet!” 85

Many things Nokomis taught him
Of the stars that shine in heaven;
Showed him Ishkoodah, the comet,
Ishkoodah, with fiery tresses;
Showed the Death-Dance of the spirits, 90
Warriors with their plumes and war-clubs,

Flaring far away to northward
 In the frosty nights of Winter;
 Showed the broad white road in heaven,
 Pathway of the ghosts, the shadows, 95
 Running straight across the heavens,
 Crowded with the ghosts, the shadows.

At the door on summer evenings
 Sat the little Hiawatha;
 Heard the whispering of the pine-trees, 100
 Heard the lapping of the waters,
 Sounds of music, words of wonder;
 "Minne-wawa!" said the pine-trees.
 "Mudway-aushka!" said the water.

Saw the fire-fly, Wah-way-taysee, 105
 Flitting through the dusk of evening,
 With the twinkle of its candle
 Lighting up the brakes and bushes,
 And he sang the song of children,
 Sang the song Nokomis taught him: 110
 "Wah-wah-taysee, little fire-fly,
 Little, flitting, white-fire insect,
 Little, dancing, white-fire creature,
 Light me with your little candle,
 Ere upon my bed I lay me, 115
 Ere in sleep I close my eyelids!"

Saw the moon rise from the water
 Rippling, rounding from the water,
 Saw the flecks and shadows on it,
 Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?" 120
 And the good Nokomis answered:
 "Once a warrior, very angry,
 Seized his grandmother, and threw her
 Up into the sky at midnight;
 Right against the moon he threw her; 125
 'Tis her body that you see there."

Saw the rainbow in the heaven,

In the eastern sky, the rainbow,
Whispered, "What is that, Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: 130

"'Tis the heaven of flowers you see there;
All the wild-flowers of the forest,
All the lilies of the prairie,
When on earth they fade and perish,
Blossom in that heaven above us." 135

When he heard the owls at midnight,
Hooting, laughing in the forest,
"What is that?" he cried in terror,
"What is that," he said, "Nokomis?"
And the good Nokomis answered: 140
"That is but the owl and owlet,
Talking in their native language,
Talking, scolding at each other."

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language, 145
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How they built their nests in Summer,
Where they hid themselves in Winter,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens." 150

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Learned their names and all their secrets,
How the beavers built their lodges,
Where the squirrels hid their acorns,
How the reindeer ran so swiftly, 155
Why the rabbit was so timid,
Talked with them whene'er he met them,
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Then Iagoo, the great boaster,
He the marvelous story-teller, 160
He the traveler and the talker,
He the friend of old Nokomis,
Made a bow for Hiawatha;

From a branch of ash he made it,
 From an oak-bough made the arrows, 165
 Tipped with flint and winged with feathers,
 And the cord he made of deer-skin.

Then he said to Hiawatha:
 "Go, my son, into the forest,
 Where the red deer herd together, 170
 Kill for us a famous roebuck,
 Kill for us a deer with antlers!"

Forth into the forest straightway
 All alone walked Hiawatha
 Proudly, with his bow and arrows; 175
 And the birds sang round him, o'er him
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!"
 Sang the robin, the Opechee,
 Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
 "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha!" 180

Up the oak-tree, close beside him,
 Sprang the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
 In and out among the branches,
 Coughed and chattered from the oak-tree,
 Laughed, and said between his laughing, 185
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

And the rabbit from his pathway
 Leaped aside, and at a distance
 Sat erect upon his haunches,
 Half in fear and half in frolic, 190
 Saying to the little hunter,
 "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha!"

But he heeded not, nor heard them,
 For his thoughts were with the red deer;
 On their tracks his eyes were fastened, 195
 Leading downward to the river,
 To the ford across the river,
 And as one in slumber walked he.

Hidden in the alder-bushes,

There he waited till the deer came, 200
Till he saw two antlers lifted,
Saw two eyes look from the thicket,
Saw two nostrils point to windward,
And a deer came down the pathway,
Flecked with leafy light and shadow. 205
And his heart within him fluttered,
Trembled like the leaves above him,
Like the birch-leaf palpitated,
As the deer came down the pathway.

Then, upon one knee uprising, 210
Hiawatha aimed an arrow;
Scarce a twig moved with his motion,
Scarce a leaf was stirred or rustled,
But the wary roebuck started,
Stamped with all his hoofs together, 215
Listened with one foot uplifted,
Leaped as if to meet the arrow;
Ah! the singing, fatal arrow;
Like a wasp it buzzed and stung him!

Dead he lay there in the forest, 220
By the ford across the river;
Beat his timid heart no longer,
But the heart of Hiawatha
Throbbled and shouted and exulted,
As he bore the red deer homeward, 225
And Iagoo and Nokomis
Hailed his coming with applauses.

From the red deer's hide Nokomis
Made a cloak for Hiawatha,
From the red deer's flesh Nokomis 230
Made a banquet in his honor.
All the village came and feasted,
All the guests praised Hiawatha,
Called him Strong-Heart, Soan-ge-taha!
Called him Loon-Heart, Mahn-go-taysee! 235

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

Out of childhood into manhood
 Now had grown my Hiawatha,
 Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
 Learned in all the lore of old men,
 In all youthful sports and pastimes, 5
 In all manly arts and labors.

Swift of foot was Hiawatha;
 He could shoot an arrow from him,
 And run forward with such fleetness,
 That the arrow fell behind him! 10

Strong of arm was Hiawatha;
 He could shoot ten arrows upward,
 Shoot them with such strength and swiftness,
 That the tenth had left the bow-string
 Ere the first to earth had fallen! 15

He had mittens, Minjekahwun,
 Magic mittens made of deer-skin;
 When upon his hands he wore them,
 He could smite the rocks asunder,
 He could grind them into powder. 20

He had moccasins enchanted,
 Magic moccasins of deer-skin;
 When he bound them round his ankles,
 When upon his feet he tied them,
 At each stride a mile he measured! 25

Much he questioned old Nokomis
 Of his father Mudjekeewis;
 Learned from her the fatal secret
 Of the beauty of his mother,
 Of the falsehood of his father; 30
 And his heart was hot within him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said to old Nokomis,

“I will go to Mudjekeewis,

See how fares it with my father,

35

At the doorways of the West-Wind,

At the portals of the Sunset!”

From his lodge went Hiawatha,

Dressed for travel, armed for hunting,

Dressed in deer-skin shirt and leggings,

40

Richly wrought with quills and wampum

On his head his eagle-feathers,

Round his waist his belt of wampum,

In his hand his bow of ash-wood,

Strung with sinews of the reindeer;

45

In his quiver oaken arrows,

Tipped with jasper, winged with feathers;

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

With his moccasins enchanted.

Warning said the old Nokomis,

50

“Go not forth, O Hiawatha!

To the kingdom of the West-Wind,

To the realms of Mudjekeewis,

Lest he harm you with his magic,

Lest he kill you with his cunning!”

55

But the fearless Hiawatha

Heeded not her woman's warning;

Forth he strode into the forest,

At each stride a mile he measured;

Lurid seemed the sky above him,

60

Lurid seemed the earth beneath him.

Hot and close the air around him,

Filled with smoke and fiery vapors,

As of burning woods and prairies.

For his heart was hot within him,

65

Like a living coal his heart was.

So he journeyed westward, westward,

Left the fleetest deer behind him,
 Left the antelope and bison;
 Crossed the rushing Esconaba, 70
 Crossed the mighty Mississippi,
 Passed the Mountains of the Prairie,
 Passed the land of Crows and Foxes,
 Passed the dwellings of the Blackfeet,
 Came unto the Rocky Mountains 75
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind,
 Where upon the gusty summits
 Sat the ancient Mudjekeewis,
 Ruler of the winds of heaven.

Filled with awe was Hiawatha 80
 At the aspect of his father.
 On the air about him wildly
 Tossed and streamed his cloudy tresses,
 Gleamed like drifting snow his tresses,
 Glared like Ishkoodah, the comet, 85
 Like the star with fiery tresses.

Filled with joy was Mudjekeewis
 When he looked on Hiawatha,
 Saw his youth rise up before him
 In the face of Hiawatha, 90
 Saw the beauty of Wenonah
 From the grave rise up before him.

“Welcome!” said he, “Hiawatha,
 To the kingdom of the West-Wind!
 Long have I been waiting for you! 95
 Youth is lovely, age is lonely
 Youth is fiery, age is frosty;
 You bring back the days departed,
 You bring back my youth of passion,
 And the beautiful Wenonah!” 100

Many days they talked together,
 Questioned, listened, waited, answered;
 Much the mighty Mudjekeewis

Boasted of his ancient prowess,
Of his perilous adventures, 105
His indomitable courage,
His invulnerable body.

Patiently sat Hiawatha,
Listening to his father's boasting;
With a smile he sat and listened, 110
Uttered neither threat nor menace,
Neither word nor look betrayed him,
But his heart was hot within him,
Like a living coal his heart was.

Then he said, "O Mudjekeewis, 115
Is there nothing that can harm you?
Nothing that you are afraid of?"
And the mighty Mudjekeewis,
Grand and gracious in his boasting,
Answered, saying, "There is nothing, 120
Nothing but the black rock yonder,
Nothing but the fatal Wawbeek!"

And he looked at Hiawatha
With a wise look and benignant,
With a countenance paternal, 125
Looked with pride upon the beauty
Of his tall and graceful figure,
Saying, "O my Hiawatha!
Is there anything can harm you?
Anything you are afraid of?" 130

But the wary Hiawatha
Paused awhile, as if uncertain,
Held his peace, as if resolving,
And then answered "There is nothing,
Nothing but the bulrush yonder, 135
Nothing but the great Apukwa!"

And as Mudjekeewis, rising,
Stretched his hand to pluck the bulrush,
Hiawatha cried in terror,

Cried in well-dissembled terror, 149

“Kago! kago! do not touch it!”

“Ah, kaween!” said Mudjekeewis,

“No indeed, I will not touch it!”

Then they talked of other matters;

First of Hiawatha's brothers. 145

First of Wabun, of the East-Wind,

Of the South-Wind, Shawondasee,

Of the North, Kabibonokka;

Then of Hiawatha's mother,

Of the beautiful Wenonah, 150

Of her birth upon the meadow,

Of her death, as old Nokomis

Had remembered and related.

And he cried, “O Mudjekeewis,

It was you who killed Wenonah, 155

Took her young life and her beauty,

Broke the Lily of the Prairie,

Trampled it beneath your footsteps;

You confess it! you confess it!”

And the mighty Mudjekeewis 160

Tossed upon the wind his tresses,

Bowed his hoary head in anguish,

With a silent nod assented.

Then up started Hiawatha,

And with threatening look and gesture 165

Laid his hand upon the black rock

On the fatal Wawbeek laid it,

With his mittens, Minjekahwun,

Rent the jutting crag asunder,

Smote and crushed it into fragments, 170

Hurled them madly at his father,

The remorseful Mudjekeewis,

For his heart was hot within him,

Like a living coal his heart was.

But the ruler of the West-Wind 175

Blew the fragments backward from him,
With the breathing of his nostrils,
With the tempest of his anger,
Blew them back at his assailant;
Seized the bulrush, the Apukwa, 180
Dragged it with its roots and fibres
From the margin of the meadow,
From its ooze, the giant bulrush;
Long and loud laughed Hiawatha!

Then began the deadly conflict, 185
Hand to hand among the mountains;
From his eyry screamed the eagle,
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sat upon the crags around them,
Wheeling flapped his wings above them. 190

Like a tall tree in the tempest
Bent and lashed the giant bulrush;
And in masses huge and heavy
Crashing fell the fatal Wawbeek;
Till the earth shook with the tumult 195
And confusion of the battle,
And the air was full of shoutings,
And the thunder of the mountains,
Starting, answered, "Baim-wawa!"

Back retreated Mudjekeewis, 200
Rushing westward o'er the mountains,
Stumbling westward down the mountains,
Three whole days retreated fighting,
Still pursued by Hiawatha
To the doorways of the West-Wind, 205
To the portals of the Sunset,
To the earth's remotest border,
Where into the empty spaces
Sinks the sun, as a flamingo
Drops into her nest at nightfall. 210
In the melancholy marshes.

“Hold!” at length cried Mudjekeewis,
 “Hold, my son, my Hiawatha!

’Tis impossible to kill me,
 For you cannot kill the immortal. 215
 I have put you to this trial,
 But to know and prove your courage;
 Now receive the prize of valor!

“Go back to your home and people,
 Live among them, toil among them, 220
 Cleanse the earth from all that harms it,
 Clear the fishing-grounds and rivers,
 Slay all monsters and magicians,
 All the Wendigoes, the giants,
 All the serpents, the Kenabeeks, 225
 As I slew the Mishe-Mokwa,
 Slew the Great Bear of the mountains.

“And at last when Death draws near you,
 When the awful eyes of Pauguk
 Glare upon you in the darkness, 230
 I will share my kingdom with you,
 Ruler shall you be thenceforward
 Of the Northwest-Wind, Keewaydin,
 Of the home-wind, the Keewaydin.”

Thus was fought that famous battle 235
 In the dreadful days of Shah-shah,
 In the days long since departed,
 In the kingdom of the West-Wind.
 Still the hunter sees its traces
 Scattered far o’er hill and valley; 240
 Sees the giant bulrush growing
 By the ponds and water-courses,
 Sees the masses of the Wawbeek
 Lying still in every valley.

Homeward now went Hiawatha; 245
 Pleasant was the landscape round him,
 Pleasant was the air above him,

For the bitterness of anger
Had departed wholly from him,
From his brain the thought of vengeance, 250
From his heart the burning fever.

Only once his pace he slackened,
Only once he paused or halted,
Paused to purchase heads of arrows
Of the ancient Arrow-maker, 255
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Where the Falls of Minnehaha
Flash and gleam among the oak-trees,
Laugh and leap into the valley.

There the ancient Arrow-maker 260
Made his arrow-heads of sandstone,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
Smoothed and sharpened at the edges,
Hard and polished, keen and costly. 265

With him dwelt his dark-eyed daughter,
Wayward as the Minnehaha,
With her moods of shade and sunshine,
Eyes that smiled and frowned alternate,
Feet as rapid as the river, 270
Tresses flowing like the water,
And as musical a laughter;
And he named her from the river,
From the water-fall he named her,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water. 275

Was **it** then for heads of arrows,
Arrow-heads of chalcedony,
Arrow-heads of flint and jasper,
That my Hiawatha halted
In the land of the Dacotahs? 280

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,

Hear the rustling of her garments
 From behind the waving curtain, 285
 As one sees the Minnehaha
 Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
 As one hears the Laughing Water
 From behind its screen of branches?
 Who shall say what thoughts and visions 290
 Fill the fiery brains of young men?
 Who shall say what dreams of beauty
 Filled the heart of Hiawatha?
 All he told to old Nokomis,
 When he reached the lodge at sunset, 295
 Was the meeting with his father,
 Was his fight with Mudjekeewis;
 Not a word he said of arrows,
 Not a word of Laughing Water!

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

You shall hear how Hiawatha
 Prayed and fasted in the forest,
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumphs in the battle 5
 And renown among the warriors,
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.
 First he built a lodge for fasting,
 Built a wigwam in the forest, 10
 By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 In the blithe and pleasant Spring-time,
 In the Moon of Leaves he built it,
 And, with dreams and visions many,
 Seven whole days and nights he fasted. 15

On the first day of his fasting
Through the leafy woods he wandered;
Saw the deer start from the thicket,
Saw the rabbit in his burrow,
Heard the pheasant, Bena, drumming, 20
Heard the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Rattling in his hoard of acorns,
Saw the pigeon, the Omeme,
Building nests among the pine-trees,
And in flocks the wild goose, Wawa, 25
Flying to the fen-lands northward,
Whirring, wailing far above him.
“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

On the next day of his fasting 30
By the river’s brink he wandered,
Through the Muskoday, the meadow,
Saw the wild rice, Mahnomonee,
Saw the blueberry, Meenahga,
And the strawberry, Odahmin, 35
And the gooseberry, Shahbomin,
And the grape-vine, the Bemahgut,
Trailing o’er the alder-branches,
Filling all the air with fragrance!
“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding, 40
“Must our lives depend on these things?”

On the third day of his fasting
By the lake he sat and pondered,
By the still, transparent water;
Saw the sturgeon, Nahma, leaping, 45
Scattering drops like beads of wampum,
Saw the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
And the herring, Okahahwis, 50
And the Shawgashee, the craw-fish!

“Master of Life!” he cried, desponding,
 “Must our lives depend on these things?”

On the fourth day of his fasting
 In his lodge he lay exhausted; 55
 From his couch of leaves and branches
 Gazing with half-open eyelids,
 Full of shadowy dreams and visions,
 On the dizzy, swimming landscape,
 On the gleaming of the water, 60
 On the splendor of the sunset.

And he saw a youth approaching,
 Dressed in garments green and yellow,
 Coming through the purple twilight,
 Through the splendor of the sunset; 65
 Plumes of green bent o’er his forehead,
 And his hair was soft and golden.

Standing at the open doorway,
 Long he looked at Hiawatha,
 Looked with pity and compassion 70
 On his wasted form and features,
 And, in accents like the sighing
 Of the South-Wind in the tree-tops,
 Said he, “O my Hiawatha!
 All your prayers are heard in heaven, 75
 For you pray not like the others;
 Not for greater skill in hunting,
 Not for greater craft in fishing,
 Not for triumph in the battle,
 Nor renown among the warriors, 80
 But for profit of the people,
 For advantage of the nations.

“From the Master of Life descending,
 I, the friend of man, Mondamin,
 Come to warn you and instruct you, 85
 How by struggle and by labor
 You shall gain what you have prayed for.

Rise up from your bed of branches,
Rise, O youth, and wrestle with me!"

Faint with famine, Hiawatha 90
Started from his bed of branches,
From the twilight of his wigwam
Forth into the flush of sunset
Came, and wrestled with Mondamin;
At his touch he felt new courage 95
Throbbing in his brain and bosom,
Felt new life and hope and vigor
Run through every nerve and fibre.

So they wrestled there together
In the glory of the sunset, 100
And the more they strove and struggled,
Stronger still grew Hiawatha;
Till the darkness fell around them,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees, 105
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.

"'Tis enough!" then said Mondamin,
Smiling upon Hiawatha,
"But to-morrow when the sun sets, 110
I will come again to try you."
And he vanished, and was seen not;
Whether sinking as the rain sinks,
Whether rising as the mists rise,
Hiawatha saw not, knew not, 115
Only saw that he had vanished,
Leaving him alone and fainting,
With the misty lake below him,
And the reeling stars above him.

On the morrow and the next day, 120
When the sun through heaven descending,
Like a red and burning cinder
From the hearth of the Great Spirit,

Fell into the western waters,
 Came Mondamin for the trial, 125
 For the strife with Hiawatha;
 Came as silent as the dew comes,
 From the empty air appearing,
 Into empty air returning,
 Taking shape when earth it touches 130
 But invisible to all men
 In its coming and its going.

Thrice they wrestled there together
 In the glory of the sunset,
 Till the darkness fell around them, 135
 Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
 From her nest among the pine-trees,
 Uttered her loud cry of famine,
 And Mondamin paused to listen.

Tall and beautiful he stood there 140
 In his garments green and yellow;
 To and fro his plumes above him
 Waved and nodded with his breathing,
 And the sweat of the encounter
 Stood like drops of dew upon him. 145

And he cried, "O Hiawatha!
 Bravely have you wrestled with me,
 Thrice have wrestled stoutly with me,
 And the Master of Life, who sees us,
 He will give to you the triumph!" 150

Then he smiled and said: "To-morrow
 Is the last day of your conflict,
 Is the last day of your fasting.
 You will conquer and o'ercome me;
 Make a bed for me to lie in, 155
 Where the rain may fall upon me,
 Where the sun may come and warm me;
 Strip these garments, green and yellow,
 Strip this nodding plumage from me,

Lay me in the earth and make it 160
Soft and loose and light above me.

“Let no hand disturb my slumber,
Let no weed nor worm molest me,
Let not Kahgahgee, the raven,
Come to haunt me and molest me, 165
Only come yourself to watch me,
Till I wake, and start, and quicken,
Till I leap into the sunshine.”

And thus saying, he departed;
Peacefully slept Hiawatha, 170
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whippoorwill complaining,
Perched upon his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him, 175
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them, as one hears in slumber 180
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

On the morrow came Nokomis,
On the seventh day of his fasting,
Came with food for Hiawatha 185
Came imploring and bewailing,
Lest his hunger should o’ercome him,
Lest his fasting should be fatal.

But he tasted not, and touched not,
Only said to her, “Nokomis, 190
Wait until the sun is setting,
Till the darkness falls around us,
Till the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Crying from the desolate marshes,
Tells us that the day is ended.” 195

Homeward weeping went Nokomis,
 Sorrowing for her Hiawatha
 Fearing lest his strength should fail him,
 Lest his fasting should be fatal.
 He meanwhile sat weary waiting 200
 For the coming of Mondamin
 Till the shadows, pointing eastward,
 Lengthened over field and forest,
 Till the sun dropped from the heaven,
 Floating on the waters westward, 205
 As a red leaf in the Autumn
 Falls and floats upon the water,
 Falls and sinks into its bosom.

And behold! the young Mondamin,
 With his soft and shining tresses, 210
 With his garments green and yellow,
 With his long and glossy plumage,
 Stood and beckoned at the doorway.
 And as one in slumber walking,
 Pale and haggard, but undaunted, 215
 From the wigwam Hiawatha
 Came and wrestled with Mondamin.

Round about him spun the landscape,
 Sky and forest reeled together,
 And his strong heart leaped within him, 220
 As the sturgeon leaps and struggles
 In a net to break its meshes.
 Like a ring of fire around him
 Blazed and flared the red horizon,
 And a hundred suns seemed looking 225
 At the combat of the wrestlers.

Suddenly upon the greensward
 All alone stood Hiawatha,
 Panting with his wild exertion,
 Palpitating with the struggle; 230
 And before him, breathless, lifeless,

Lay the youth, with hair dishevelled,
Plumage torn, and garments tattered,
Dead he lay there in the sunset.

And victorious Hiawatha 235
Made the grave as he commanded,
Stripped the garments from Mondamin,
Stripped his tattered plumage from him,
Laid him in the earth and made it
Soft and loose and light above him; 240
And the heron the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From the melancholy moorlands,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a cry of pain and anguish!

Homeward then went Hiawatha 245
To the lodge of old Nokomis,
And the seven days of his fasting
Were accomplished and completed.
But the place was not forgotten
Where he wrestled with Mondamin; 250
Nor forgotten nor neglected
Was the grave where lay Mondamin,
Sleeping in the rain and sunshine,
Where his scattered plumes and garments
Faded in the rain and sunshine. 255

Day by day did Hiawatha
Go to wait and watch beside it;
Kept the dark mould soft above it,
Kept it clean from weeds and insects,
Drove away, with scoffs and shoutings 260
Kahgahgee, the king of ravens.

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended 265
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,

And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
 And in rapture Hiawatha
 Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!" 270
 Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Then he called to old Nokomis
 And Iagoo, the great boaster,
 Showed them where the maize was growing,
 Told them of his wondrous vision, 275
 Of his wrestling and his triumph
 Of this new gift to the nations,
 Which should be their food forever.

And still later, when the Autumn
 Changed the long, green leaves to yellow, 280
 And the soft and juicy kernels
 Grew like wampum hard and yellow,
 Then the ripened ears he gathered,
 Stripped the withered husks from off them,
 As he once had stripped the wrestler, 285
 Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
 And made known unto the people
 This new gift of the Great Spirit.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

Two good friends had Hiawatha,
 Singled out from all the others,
 Bound to him in closest union
 And to whom he gave the right hand
 Of his heart, in joy and sorrow; 5
 Chibiabos, the musician,
 And the very strong man, Kwasind.

Straight between them ran the pathway,
 Never grew the grass upon it;

Singing birds, that utter falsehoods, 10
Story-tellers, mischief-makers,
Found no eager ear to listen,
Could not breed ill-will between them,
For they kept each other's counsel,
Spake with naked hearts together, 15
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

Most beloved by Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians, 20
He the sweetest of all singers.
Beautiful and childlike was he,
Brave as man is, soft as woman,
Pliant as a wand of willow,
Stately as a deer with antlers. 25

When he sang, the village listened;
All the warriors gathered round him,
All the women came to hear him;
Now he stirred their souls to passion,
Now he melted them to pity. 30

From the hollow reeds he fashioned
Flutes so musical and mellow,
That the brook, the Sebowisha,
Ceased to murmur in the woodland,
That the wood-birds ceased from singing, 35
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Ceased his chatter in the oak-tree,
And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Sat upright to look and listen.

Yes, the brook, the Sebowisha, 40
Pausing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach my waves to flow in music,
Softly as your words in singing!"

Yes, the bluebird, the Owaissa,
Envious, said, "O Chibiabos, 45

Teach me tones as wild and wayward,
Teach me songs as full of frenzy!"

Yes, the robin, the Opechee,
Joyous, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as sweet and tender, 50
Teach me songs as full of gladness!"

And the whippoorwill, Wawonaissa,
Sobbing, said, "O Chibiabos,
Teach me tones as melancholy,
Teach me songs as full of sadness!" 55

All the many sounds of nature
Borrowed sweetness from his singing;
All the hearts of men were softened
By the pathos of his music;
For he sang of peace and freedom, 60
Sang of beauty, love, and longing;
Sang of death, and life undying
In the Islands of the Blessed,
In the kingdom of Ponemah,
In the land of the Hereafter. 65

Very dear to Hiawatha
Was the gentle Chibiabos,
He the best of all musicians,
He the sweetest of all singers;
For his gentleness he loved him, 70
And the magic of his singing.

Dear, too, unto Hiawatha
Was the very strong man, Kwasind,
He the strongest of all mortals,
He the mightiest among many; 75
For his very strength he loved him,
For his strength allied to goodness.

Idle in his youth was Kwasind,
Very listless, dull, and dreamy,
Never played with other children. 80
Never fished and never hunted,

Not like other children was he;
But they saw that much he fasted,
Much his Manito entreated,
Much besought his Guardian Spirit. 85

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his mother,
“In my work you never help me!
In the Summer you are roaming
Idly in the fields and forests;
In the Winter you are cowering 90
O’er the firebrands in the wigwam!
In the coldest days of Winter
I must break the ice for fishing;
With my n ts you never help me!
At the door my nets are hanging, 95
Dripping, freezing with the water;
Go and wring them Yenadizze!
Go and dry them in the sunshine!”

Slowly, from the ashes, Kwasind
Rose, but made no angry answer; 100
From the lodge went forth in silence,
Took the nets, that hung together,
Dripping, freezing at the doorway;
Like a wisp of straw he wrung them,
Like a wisp of straw he broke them, 105
Could not wring them without breaking,
Such the strength was in his fingers.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said his father,
“In the hunt you never help me;
Every bow you touch is broken, 110
Snapped asunder every arrow;
Yet come with me to the forest,
You shall bring the hunting homeward.”

Down a narrow path they wandered,
Where a brooklet led them onward, 115
Where the trail of deer and bison
Marked the soft mud on the margin,

Till they found all further passage
 Shut against them, barred securely
 By the trunks of trees uprooted, 120
 Lying lengthwise, lying crosswise,
 And forbidding further passage.

“We must go back,” said the old man,
 “O’er these logs we cannot clamber;
 Not a woodchuck could get through them, 125
 Not a squirrel clamber o’er them!”
 And straightway his pipe he lighted,
 And sat down to smoke and ponder.
 But before his pipe was finished,
 Lo! the path was cleared before him: 130
 All the trunks had Kwasind lifted,
 To the right hand, to the left hand,
 Shot the pine-trees swift as arrows,
 Hurlled the cedars light as lances.

“Lazy Kwasind!” said the young men, 135
 As they sported in the meadow;
 “Why stand idly looking at us,
 Leaning on the rock behind you?
 Come and wrestle with the others,
 Let us pitch the quoit together!” 140

Lazy Kwasind made no answer,
 To their challenge made no answer,
 Only rose, and, slowly turning,
 Seized the huge rock in his fingers,
 Tore it from its deep foundation, 145
 Poised it in the air a moment,
 Pitched it sheer into the river,
 Sheer into the swift Pauwating,
 Where it still is seen in Summer.

Once as down that foaming river, 150
 Down the rapids of Pauwating,
 Kwasind sailed with his companions,
 In the stream he saw a beaver,

Saw Ahmeck, the King of Beavers,
Struggling with the rushing currents, 155
Rising, sinking in the water.

Without speaking, without pausing,
Kwasind leaped into the river,
Plunged beneath the bubbling surface,
Through the whirlpools chased the beaver, 160
Followed him along the islands,
Stayed so long beneath the water,
That his terrified companions
Cried, "Alas! good-by to Kwasind!
We shall never more see Kwasind!" 165
But he reappeared triumphant,
And upon his shining shoulders
Brought the beaver, dead and dripping,
Brought the King of all the Beavers.

And these two, as I have told you, 170
Were the friends of Hiawatha,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind.
Long they lived in peace together,
Spake with naked hearts together, 175
Pondering much and much contriving
How the tribes of men might prosper.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

"GIVE me of your bark, O Birch-Tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-Tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me, 5
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,

Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,

Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-Tree!

10

Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,

For the Summer-time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,

And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha

15

In the solitary forest,

By the rushing Taquamenaw,

When the birds were singing gayly,

In the Moon of Leaves were singing,

And the sun, from sleep awaking,

20

Started up and said, “Behold me!

Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches

Rustled in the breeze of morning,

Saying, with a sigh of patience,

25

“Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!”

With his knife the tree he girdled;

Just beneath its lowest branches,

Just above the roots, he cut it,

Till the sap came oozing outward;

30

Down the trunk from top to bottom,

Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,

With a wooden wedge he raised it,

Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

“Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!

35

Of your strong and pliant branches,

My canoe to make more steady,

Make more strong and firm beneath me!”

Through the summit of the Cedar

Went a sound, a cry of horror,

40

Went a murmur of resistance;

But it whispered, bending downward,

“Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!”

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework, 45
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack!
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-Tree!
My canoe to bind together, 50
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Larch, with all its fibres,
Shivered in the air of morning, 55
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha!”

From the earth he tore the fibres,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-Tree, 60
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-Tree!
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together 65
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me!”

And the Fir-Tree, tall and sombre,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles, 70
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha!”

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-Tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure, 75
Made each crevice safe from water.

“Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog!
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog!
I will make a necklace of them,

Hiawatha's Sailing

49

Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom!"

80

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying, with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
"Take my quills, O Hiawatha!"

85

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained them red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

90

95

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,
In the bosom of the forest;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

100

105

Paddles none had Hiawatha,
Paddles none he had or needed,
For his thoughts as paddles served him,
And his wishes served to guide him;
Swift or slow at will he glided
Veered to right or left at pleasure.

110

Then he called aloud to Kwasind,
To his friend, the strong man. Kwasind,
Saying, "Help me clear this river

115

Of its sunken logs and sand-bars.”

Straight into the river Kwasind
Plunged as if he were an otter,
Dived as if he were a beaver,
Stood up to his waist in water, 120
To his arm-pits in the river,
Swam and shouted in the river,
Tugged at sunken logs and branches,
With his hands he scooped the sand-bars,
With his feet the ooze and tangle. 125

And thus sailed my Hiawatha
Down the rushing Taquamenaw,
Sailed through all its bends and windings,
Sailed through all its deeps and shallows,
While his friend, the strong man, Kwasind, 130
Swam the deeps, the shallows waded.

Up and down the river went they,
In and out among its islands,
Cleared its bed of root and sand-bar,
Dragged the dead trees from its channel, 135
Made its passage safe and certain,
Made a pathway for the people,
From its springs among the mountains,
To the waters of Pauwating,
To the bay of Taquamenaw. 140

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

FORTH upon the Gitche Gumee,
On the shining Big-Sea-Water,
With his fishing-line of cedar,
Of the twisted bark of cedar,
Forth to catch the sturgeon Nahma, 5
Mishe-Nahma, King of Fishes

In his birch canoe exulting
All alone went Hiawatha.

Through the clear, transparent water
He could see the fishes swimming 10
Far down in the depths below him;
See the yellow perch, the Sahwa,
Like a sunbeam in the water,
See the Shawgashee, the craw-fish,
Like a spider on the bottom, 15
On the white and sandy bottom.

At the stern sat Hiawatha,
With his fishing-line of cedar;
In his plumes the breeze of morning
Played as in the hemlock branches; 20
On the bows, with tail erected,
Sat the squirrel, Adjidaumo;
In his fur the breeze of morning
Played as in the prairie grasses.

On the white sand of the bottom 25
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,
Lay the sturgeon, King of Fishes;
Through his gills he breathed the water,
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,
With his tail he swept the sand-floor. 30

There he lay in all his armor;
On each side a shield to guard him,
Plates of bone upon his forehead,
Down his sides and back and shoulders
Plates of bone with spine projecting, 35
Painted was he with his war-paints
Stripes of yellow, red and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable;
And he lay there on the bottom,
Fanning with his fins of purple, 40
As above him Hiawatha
In his birch canoe came sailing,

With his fishing-line of cedar.

“Take my bait!” cried Hiawatha,
Down into the depths beneath him, 45
“Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma!
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger!”
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water, 50
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
“Take my bait, O King of Fishes!”

Quiet lay the sturgeon, Nahma, 55
Fanning slowly in the water,
Looking up at Hiawatha,
Listening to his call and clamor,
His unnecessary tumult,
Till he wearied of the shouting; 60
And he said to the Kenozha,
To the pike, the Maskenozha,
“Take the bait of this rude fellow,
Break the line of Hiawatha!”

In his fingers Hiawatha 65
Felt the loose line jerk and tighten;
As he drew it in, it tugged so,
That the birch canoe stood endwise,
Like a birch log in the water,
With the squirrel, Adjidaumo, 70
Perched and frisking on the summit.

Full of scorn was Hiawatha
When he saw the fish rise upward,
Saw the pike, the Maskenozha,
Coming nearer, nearer to him, 75
And he shouted through the water,
“Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are but the pike, Kenozha,

You are not the fish I wanted,
You are not the King of Fishes!" 80

Reeling downward to the bottom
Sank the pike in great confusion,
And the mighty sturgeon, Nahma,
Said to Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
To the bream, with scales of crimson, 85
"Take the bait of this great boaster,
Break the line of Hiawatha!"

Slowly upward, wavering, gleaming,
Rose the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
Seized the line of Hiawatha, 90
Swung with all his weight upon it,
Made a whirlpool in the water,
Whirled the birch canoe in circles,
Round and round in gurgling eddies,
Till the circles in the water 95
Reached the far-off sandy beaches,
Till the water-flags and rushes
Nodded on the distant margins.

But when Hiawatha saw him
Slowly rising through the water, 100
Lifting up his disk refulgent,
Loud he shouted in derision,
"Esa! esa! shame upon you!
You are Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
You are not the fish I wanted, 105
You are not the King of Fishes!"

Slowly downward, wavering, gleaming,
Sank the Ugudwash, the sun-fish,
And again the sturgeon Nahma,
Heard the shout of Hiawatha, 110
Heard his challenge of defiance,
The unnecessary tumult,
Ringing far across the water.

From the white sand of the bottom

Up he rose with angry gesture, 115
Quivering in each nerve and fibre,
Clashing all his plates of armor,
Gleaming bright with all his war-paint;
In his wrath he darted upward,
Flashing leaped into the sunshine, 120
Opened his great jaws, and swallowed
Both canoe and Hiawatha.

Down into that darksome cavern
Plunged the headlong Hiawatha,
As a log on some black river 125
Shoots and plunges down the rapids,
Found himself in utter darkness,
Groped about in helpless wonder,
Till he felt a great heart beating,
Throbbing in that utter darkness. 130

And he smote it in his anger,
With his fist, the heart of Nahma,
Felt the mighty King of Fishes
Shudder through each nerve and fibre,
Heard the water gurgle round him 135
As he leaped and staggered through it,
Sick at heart, and faint and weary.

Crosswise then did Hiawatha
Drag his birch-canoe for safety,
Lest from out the jaws of Nahma, 140
In the turmoil and confusion,
Forth he might be hurled and perish.
And the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Frisked and chattered very gayly,
Toiled and tugged with Hiawatha 145
Till he grated on the pebbles,

Then said Hiawatha to him,
"O my little friend, the squirrel,
Bravely have you toiled to help me;
Take the thanks of Hiawatha. 150

And the name which now he gives you;
For hereafter and forever
Boys shall call you Adjidaumo,
Tail-in-air the boys shall call you!"

And again the sturgeon, Nahma, 155
Gasped and quivered in the water,
Then was still, and drifted landward
Till he grated on the pebbles,
Till the listening Hiawatha
Heard him grate upon the margin, 160
Felt him strand upon the pebbles,
Knew that Nahma, King of Fishes,
Lay there dead upon the margin.

Then he heard a clang and flapping,
As of many wings assembling, 165
Heard a screaming and confusion,
As of birds of prey contending,
Saw a gleam of light above him,
Shining through the ribs of Nahma,
Saw the glittering eyes of sea-gulls, 170
Of Kayoshk, the sea-gulls, peering,
Gazing at him through the opening,
Heard them saying to each other,
"'Tis our brother, Hiawatha!"

And he shouted from below them, 175
Cried exulting from the caverns:
"O ye sea-gulls! O my brothers!
I have slain the sturgeon, Nahma;
Make the rifts a little larger,
With your claws the openings widen, 180
Set me free from this dark prison,
And henceforward and forever
Men shall speak of your achievements,
Calling you Kayoshk, the sea-gulls,
Yes, Kayoshk, the Noble Scratchers!" 185

And the wild and clamorous sea-gulls

Toiled with beak and claws together,
Made the rifts and openings wider
In the mighty ribs of Nahma,
And from peril and from prison, 190
From the body of the sturgeon,
From the peril of the water,
They released my Hiawatha.

He was standing near his wigwam,
On the margin of the water, 195
And he called to old Nokomis,
Called and beckoned to Nokomis,
Pointed to the sturgeon, Nahma,
Lying lifeless on the pebbles,
With the sea-gulls feeding on him. 200

“I have slain the Mishe-Nahma,
Slain the King of Fishes!” said he;
“Look! the sea-gulls feed upon him,
Yes, my friends Kayoshk, the sea-gulls;
Drive them not away, Nokomis, 205
They have saved me from great peril
In the body of the sturgeon,
Wait until their meal is ended,
Till their craws are full with feasting,
Till they homeward fly, at sunset, 210
To their nests among the marshes;
Then bring all your pots and kettles,
And make oil for us in Winter.”

And she waited till the sun set,
Till the pallid moon, the Night-sun, 215
Rose above the tranquil water,
Till Kayoshk, the sated sea-gulls,
From their banquet rose with clamor,
And across the fiery sunset
Winged their way to far-off islands, 220
To their nests among the rushes.

To his sleep went Hiawatha,

And Nokomis to her labor,
 Toiling patient in the moonlight
 Till the sun and moon changed places, 225
 Till the sky was red with sunrise,
 And Kayoshk, the hungry sea-gulls,
 Came back from the reedy islands,
 Clamorous for their morning banquet.
 Three whole days and nights alternate 230
 Old Nokomis and the sea-gulls
 Stripped the oily flesh of Nahma,
 Till the waves washed through the rib-bones,
 Till the sea-gulls came no longer,
 And upon the sands lay nothing 235
 But the skeleton of Nahma.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL-FEATHER.

ON the shores of Gitche Gumee,
 Of the shining Big-Sea-Water,
 Stood Nokomis, the old woman,
 Pointing with her finger westward,
 O'er the water pointing westward, 5
 To the purple clouds of sunset.
 Fiercely the red sun descending
 Burned his way along the heavens,
 Set the sky on fire behind him,
 As war-parties, when retreating, 10
 Burn the prairies on their war-trail;
 And the moon, the Night-sun, eastward,
 Suddenly starting from his ambush,
 Followed fast those bloody footprints,
 Followed in that fiery war-trail, 15
 With its glare upon his features.
 And Nokomis, the old woman,

Pointing with her finger westward,
Spake these words to Hiawatha:
“Yonder dwells the great Pearl-Feather 20
Megissogwon, the Magician,
Manito of Wealth and Wampum,
Guarded by his fiery serpents,
Guarded by the black pitch-water.
You can see his fiery serpents, 25
The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
Coiling, playing in the water;
You can see the black pitch-water
Stretching far away beyond them,
To the purple clouds of sunset! 30
“He it was who slew my father,
By his wicked wiles and cunning,
When he from the moon descended,
When he came on earth to seek me.
He, the mightiest of Magicians, 35
Sends the fever from the marshes,
Sends the pestilential vapors,
Sends the poisonous exhalations,
Sends the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sends disease and death among us! 40
“Take your bow, O Hiawatha,
Take your arrows, jasper-headed,
Take your war-club, Puggawaugun,
And your mittens, Minjekahwun,
And your birch canoe for sailing, 45
And the oil of Mishe-Nahma,
So to smear its sides, that swiftly
You may pass the black pitch-water;
Slay this merciless magician,
Save the people from the fever 50
That he breathes across the fen-lands,
And avenge my father’s murder!”
Straightway then my Hiawatha

Armed himself with all his war-gear,
 Launched his birch canoe for sailing; 55
 With his palm its sides he patted,
 Said with glee, "Cheemaun, my darling,
 O my Birch-canoe! leap forward,
 Where you see the fiery serpents,
 Where you see the black pitch-water!" 60

Forward leaped Cheemaun exulting,
 And the Noble Hiawatha
 Sang his war-song wild and woful,
 And above him the war-eagle,
 The Keneu, the great war-eagle, 65
 Master of all fowls with feathers,
 Screamed and hurtled through the heavens.

Soon he reached the fiery serpents,
 The Kenabeek, the great serpents,
 Lying huge upon the water, 70
 Sparkling, rippling in the water,
 Lying coiled across the passage,
 With their blazing crests uplifted,
 Breathing fiery fogs and vapors,
 So that none could pass beyond them. 75

But the fearless Hiawatha
 Cried aloud, and spake in this wise:
 "Let me pass my way, Kenabeek,
 Let me go upon my journey!"
 And they answered, hissing fiercely, 80
 With their fiery breath made answer:
 "Back, go back! O Shaugodaya!
 Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!"

Then the angry Hiawatha
 Raised his mighty bow of ash-tree, 85
 Seized his arrows, jasper-headed,
 Shot them fast among the serpents;
 Every twanging of the bow-string
 Was a war-cry and a death-cry.

Every whizzing of an arrow 90
Was a death-song of Kenabeek.

Weltering in the bloody water,
Dead lay all the fiery serpents,
And among them Hiawatha
Harmless sailed, and cried exulting: 95
“Onward, O Cheemaun, my darling!
Onward to the black pitch-water!”

Then he took the oil of Nahma,
And the bows and sides anointed,
Smeared them well with oil, that swiftly 100
He might pass the black pitch-water.

All night long he sailed upon it,
Sailed upon that sluggish water,
Covered with its mould of ages,
Black with rotting water-rushes, 105
Rank with flags and leaves of lilies,
Stagnant, lifeless, dreary, dismal,
Lighted by the shimmering moonlight,
And by will-o'-the-wisps illumined,
Fires by ghosts of dead men kindled, 110
In their weary night-encampments.

All the air was white with moonlight,
All the water black with shadow,
And around him the Suggema,
The mosquito, sang his war-song, 115
And the fire-flies, Wah-wah-taysee,
Waved their torches to mislead him;
And the bull-frog, the Dahinda,
Thrust his head into the moonlight,
Fixed his yellow eyes upon him, 120
Sobbed and sank beneath the surface;
And anon a thousand whistles,
Answered over all the fen-lands,
And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Far off on the reedy margin, 125

Heralded the hero's coming.

Westward thus fared Hiawatha,
Toward the realm of Megissogwon,
Toward the land of the Pearl-Feather,
Till the level moon stared at him, 130
In his face stared pale and haggard,
Till the sun was hot behind him,
Till it burned upon his shoulders,
And before him on the upland
He could see the Shining Wigwam 135
Of the Manito of Wampum,
Of the mightiest of Magicians.

Then once more Cheemaun he patted,
To his birch-canoe said, "Onward!"
And it stirred in all its fibres, 140
And with one great bound of triumph
Leaped across the water-lilies,
Leaped through tangled flags and rushes,
And upon the beach beyond them
Dry-shod landed Hiawatha. 145

Straight he took his bow of ash-tree,
On the sand one end he rested,
With his knee he pressed the middle,
Stretched the faithful bow-string tighter,
Took an arrow, jasper-headed, 150
Shot it at the Shining Wigwam,
Sent it singing as a herald,
As a bearer of his message,
Of his challenge loud and lofty:
"Come forth from your lodge, Pearl-Feather! 155
Hiawatha awaits your coming!"

Straightway from the Shining Wigwam
Came the mighty Megissogwon,
Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect, 160
Clad from head to foot in wampum,

Armed with all his warlike weapons,
Painted like the sky of morning,
Streaked with crimson, blue and yellow,
Crested with great eagle-feathers, 165
Streaming upward, streaming outward.

“Well I know you, Hiawatha!”

Cried he in a voice of thunder,
In a tone of loud derision.

“Hasten back, O Shaugodaya! 170
Hasten back among the women,
Back to old Nokomis, Faint-heart!
I will slay you as you stand there,
As of old I slew her father!”

But my Hiawatha answered, 175
Nothing daunted, fearing nothing:
“Big words do not smite like war-clubs,
Boastful breath is not a bow-string,
Taunts are not so sharp as arrows,
Deeds are better things than words are, 180
Actions mightier than boastings!”

Then began the greatest battle
That the sun had ever looked on,
That the war-birds ever witnessed.
All a Summer’s day it lasted, 185
From the sunrise to the sunset;
For the shafts of Hiawatha
Harmless hit the shirt of wampum,
Harmless fell the blows he dealt it
With his mittens, Minjekahwun, 190
Harmless fell the heavy war-club;
It could dash the rocks asunder,
But it could not break the meshes
Of that magic shirt of wampum.

Till at sunset Hiawatha, 195
Leaning on his bow of ash-tree,
Wounded, weary, and desponding,

With his mighty war-club broken,
 With his mittens torn and tattered,
 And three useless arrows only, 200
 Paused to rest beneath a pine-tree,
 From whose branches trailed the mosses,
 And whose trunk was coated over
 With the Dead-man's Moccasin-leather,
 With the fungus white and yellow 205

Suddenly from the boughs above him
 Sang the Mama, the woodpecker:
 "Aim your arrows, Hiawatha,
 At the head of Megissogwon,
 Strike the tuft of hair upon it, 210
 At their roots the long black tresses;
 There alone can he be wounded!"

Winged with feathers, tipped with jasper,
 Swift flew Hiawatha's arrow,
 Just as Megissogwon, stooping, 215
 Raised a heavy stone to throw it.
 Full upon the crown it struck him,
 At the roots of his long tresses,
 And he reeled and staggered forward,
 Plunging like a wounded bison, 220
 Yes, like Pezhekee, the bison,
 When the snow is on the prairie.

Swifter flew the second arrow,
 In the pathway of the other,
 Piercing deeper than the other, 225
 Wounded sorer than the other;
 And the knees of Megissogwon
 Shook like windy reeds beneath him,
 Bent and trembled like the rushes.

But the third and latest arrow 230
 Swiftest flew, and wounded sorest,
 And the mighty Megissogwon
 Saw the fiery eyes of Pauguk,

Saw the eyes of Death glare at him,
Heard his voice call in the darkness; 235
At the feet of Hiawatha
Lifeless lay the great Pearl-Feather,
Lay the mightiest of Magicians.

Then the grateful Hiawatha
Called the Mama, the woodpecker, 240
From his perch among the branches
Of the melancholy pine-tree,
And, in honor of his service,
Stained with blood the tuft of feathers
On the little head of Mama; 245
Even to this day he wears it,
Wears the tuft of crimson feathers
As a symbol of his service.

Then he stripped the shirt of wampum
From the back of Megissogwon, 250
As a trophy of the battle,
As a signal of his conquest.
On the shore he left the body,
Half on land and half in water,
In the sand his feet were buried, 255
And his face was in the water.
And above him, wheeled and clamored
The Keneu, the great war-eagle,
Sailing round in narrower circles,
Hovering nearer, nearer, nearer. 260

From the wigwam Hiawatha
Bore the wealth of Megissogwon,
All his wealth of skins and wampum,
Furs of bison and of beaver,
Furs of sable and of ermine, 265
Wampum belts and strings and pouches,
Quivers wrought with beads of wampum,
Filled with arrows, silver-headed.

Homeward then he sailed exulting,

Hiawatha and the Pearl-Feather 65

Homeward through the black pitch-water, 270
Homeward through the weltering serpents,
With the trophies of the battle,
With a shout and song of triumph.

On the shore stood old Nokomis,
On the shore stood Chibiabos, 275
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
Waiting for the hero's coming,
Listening to his song of triumph.

And the people of the village
Welcomed him with songs and dances, 280
Made a joyous feast, and shouted:
"Honor be to Hiawatha!

He has slain the great Pearl-Feather,
Slain the mightiest of Magicians,
Him who sent the fiery fever, 285
Sent the white fog from the fen-lands,
Sent disease and death among us!"

Ever dear to Hiawatha
Was the memory of Mama!
And in token of his friendship, 290
As a mark of his remembrance,
He adorned and decked his pipe-stem
With the crimson tuft of feathers,
With the blood-red crest of Mama.
But the wealth of Megissogwon, 295
All the trophies of the battle,
He divided with his people,
Shared it equally among them.

X.

HIAWATHA'S WOOING.

“As unto the bow the cord is,
So unto the man is woman,
Though she bends him, she obeys him,
Though she draws him, yet she follows,
Useless each without the other!” 5

Thus the youthful Hiawatha
Said within himself and pondered,
Much perplexed by various feelings,
Listless, longing, hoping, fearing,
Dreaming still of Minnehaha, 10
Of the lovely Laughing Water,
In the land of the Dacotahs.

“Wed a maiden of your people,”
Warning said the old Nokomis;
“Go not eastward, go not westward, 15
For a stranger, whom we know not!
Like a fire upon the hearth-stone
Is a neighbor's homely daughter,
Like the starlight or the moonlight
Is the handsomest of strangers!” 20

Thus dissuading spake Nokomis,
And my Hiawatha answered
Only this: “Dear old Nokomis,
Very pleasant is the firelight,
But I like the starlight better, 25
Better do I like the moonlight!”

Gravely then said old Nokomis:
“Bring not here an idle maiden,
Bring not here a useless woman,
Hands unskilful, feet unwilling; 30
Bring a wife with nimble fingers,

Heart and hand that move together,
Feet that run on willing errands!"

Smiling, answered Hiawatha:

"In the land of the Dacotahs 35

Lives the Arrow-maker's daughter,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Handsomest of all the women.

I will bring her to your wigwam,
She shall run upon your errands, 40
Be your starlight, moonlight, firelight,
Be the sunlight of my people!"

Still dissuading said Nokomis:

"Bring not to my lodge a stranger
From the land of the Dacotahs! 45

Very fierce are the Dacotahs,
Often is there war between us,
There are feuds yet unforgotten,
Wounds that ache and still may open!"

Laughing answered Hiawatha: 50

"For that reason, if no other,
Would I wed the fair Dacotah,
That our tribes might be united,
That old feuds might be forgotten,
And old wounds be healed forever!" 55

Thus departed Hiawatha

To the land of the Dacotahs,
To the land of handsome women;
Striding over moor and meadow,
Through interminable forests, 60
Through uninterrupted silence.

With his moccasins of magic,
At each stride a mile he measured;
Yet the way seemed long before him,
And his heart outrun his footsteps; 65
And he journeyed without resting,
Till he heard the cataract's laughter,

Heard the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to him through the silence.
“Pleasant is the sound!” he murmured, 70
“Pleasant is the voice that calls me!”

On the outskirts of the forest,
’Twixt the shadow and the sunshine,
Herds of fallow deer were feeding,
But they saw not Hiawatha; 75
To his bow he whispered, “Fail not!”
To his arrow whispered, “Swerve not!”
Sent it singing on its errand,
To the red heart of the roebuck;
Threw the deer across his shoulder, 80
And sped forward without pausing.

At the doorway of his wigwam
Sat the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs,
Making arrow-heads of jasper, 85
Arrow-heads of chalcedony.
At his side, in all her beauty,
Sat the lovely Minnehaha,
Sat his daughter, Laughing Water,
Plaiting mats of flags and rushes; 90
Of the past the old man’s thoughts were,
And the maiden’s of the future.

He was thinking, as he sat there,
Of the days when with such arrows
He had struck the deer and bison, 95
On the Muskoday, the meadow;
Shot the wild goose, flying southward,
On the wing, the clamorous Wawa;
Thinking of the great war-parties,
How they came to buy his arrows, 100
Could not fight without his arrows.
Ah, no more such noble warriors
Could be found on earth as they were!

Now the men were all like women,
Only used their tongues for weapons! 105

She was thinking of a hunter,
From another tribe and country,
Young and tall and very handsome,
Who one morning, in the Spring-time,
Came to buy her father's arrows, 110
Sat and rested in the wigwam,

Lingered long about the doorway,
Looking back as he departed.
She had heard her father praise him,
Praise his courage and his wisdom; 115
Would he come again for arrows
To the Falls of Minnehaha?

On the mat her hands lay idle,
And her eyes were very dreamy.

Through their thoughts they heard a footstep, 120
Heard a rustling in the branches,
And with glowing cheek and forehead,
With the deer upon his shoulders,
Suddenly from out the woodlands
Hiawatha stood before them. 125

Straight the ancient Arrow-maker
Looked up gravely from his labor,
Laid aside the unfinished arrow,
Bade him enter at the doorway,
Saying, as he rose to meet him, 130
"Hiawatha, you are welcome!"

At the feet of Laughing Water
Hiawatha laid his burden,
Threw the red deer from his shoulders;
And the maiden looked up at him, 135
Looked up from her mat of rushes,
Said with gentle look and accent,
"You are welcome, Hiawatha!"

Very spacious was the wigwam,

Made of deer-skin dressed and whitened, 140
With the Gods of the Dacotahs
Drawn and painted on its curtains,
And so tall the doorway, hardly
Hiawatha stooped to enter,
Hardly touched his eagle-feathers 145
As he entered at the doorway.

Then up rose the Laughing Water,
From the ground fair Minnehaha,
Laid aside her mat unfinished,
Brought forth food and set before them, 150
Water brought them from the brooklet,
Gave them food in earthen vessels,
Gave them drink in bowls of bass-wood,
Listened while the guest was speaking,
Listened while her father answered, 155
But not once her lips she opened,
Not a single word she uttered.

Yes, as in a dream she listened
To the words of Hiawatha,
As he talked of old Nokomis, 160
Who had nursed him in his childhood,
As he told of his companions,
Chibiabos, the musician,
And the very strong man, Kwasind,
And of happiness and plenty 165
In the land of the Ojibways,
In the pleasant land and peaceful.

“After many years of warfare,
Many years of strife and bloodshed,
There is peace between the Ojibways 170
And the tribe of the Dacotahs.”
Thus continued Hiawatha,
And then added, speaking slowly,
“That this peace may last forever,
And our hands be clasped more closely, 175

And our hearts be more united,
Give me as my wife this maiden,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water,
Loveliest of Dacotah women!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker 180
Paused a moment ere he answered,
Smoked a little while in silence,
Looked at Hiawatha proudly,
Fondly looked at Laughing Water,
And made answer very gravely: 185

"Yes, if Minnehaha wishes;
Let your heart speak, Minnehaha!"

And the lovely Laughing Water
Seemed more lovely, as she stood there,
Neither willing nor reluctant, 190
As she went to Hiawatha,
Softly took the seat beside him,
While she said, and blushed to say it,
"I will follow you, my husband!"

This was Hiawatha's wooing! 195
Thus it was he won the daughter
Of the ancient Arrow-maker,
In the land of the Dacotahs!

From the wigwam he departed,
Leading with him Laughing Water; 200
Hand in hand they went together,
Through the woodland and the meadow,
Left the old man standing lonely
At the doorway of his wigwam,
Heard the Falls of Minnehaha 205
Calling to them from the distance,
Crying to them from afar off,
"Fare thee well, O Minnehaha!"

And the ancient Arrow-maker
Turned again unto his labor, 210
Sat down by his sunny doorway,

Murmuring to himself, and saying:
“Thus it is our daughters leave us,
Those we love, and those who love us!
Just when they have learned to help us, 215
When we are old and lean upon them,
Comes a youth with flaunting feathers,
With his flute of reeds, a stranger
Wanders piping through the village,
Beckons to the fairest maiden, 220
And she follows where he leads her,
Leaving all things for the stranger!”

Pleasant was the journey homeward,
Through interminable forests,
Over meadow, over mountain, 225
Over river, hill, and hollow.
Short it seemed to Hiawatha,
Though they journeyed very slowly,
Though his pace he checked and slackened
To the steps of Laughing Water. 230

Over wide and rushing rivers
In his arms he bore the maiden;
Light he thought her as a feather,
As the plume upon his head-gear;
Cleared the tangled pathway for her, 235
Bent aside the swaying branches,
Made at night a lodge of branches,
And a bed with boughs of hemlock,
And a fire before the doorway
With the dry cones of the pine-tree. 240

All the travelling winds went with them,
O'er the meadow, through the forest:
All the stars of night looked at them,
Watched with sleepless eyes their slumber;
From his ambush in the oak-tree 245
Peeped the squirrel, Adjidaumo,
Watched with eager eyes the lovers;

And the rabbit, the Wabasso,
Scampered from the path before them,
Peering, peeping from his burrow, 250
Sat erect upon his haunches,
Watched with curious eyes the lovers.

Pleasant was the journey homeward!
All the birds sang loud and sweetly
Songs of happiness and heart's-ease; 255
Sang the bluebird, the Owaissa,
"Happy are you, Hiawatha,
Having such a wife to love you!"

Sang the robin, the Opechee,
"Happy are you, Laughing Water, 260
Having such a noble husband!"

From the sky the sun benignant
Looked upon them through the branches,
Saying to them, "O my children,
Love is sunshine, hate is shadow, 265
Life is checkered shade and sunshine,
Rule by love, O Hiawatha!"

From the sky the moon looked at them,
Filled the lodge with mystic splendors,
Whispered to them, "O my children, 270
Day is restless, night is quiet,
Man imperious, woman feeble;
Half is mine, although I follow;
Rule by patience, Laughing Water!"

Thus it was they journeyed homeward; 275
Thus it was that Hiawatha
To the lodge of old Nokomis
Brought the moonlight, starlight, firelight,
Brought the sunshine of his people,
Minnehaha, Laughing Water, 280
Handsomest of all the women
In the land of the Dacotahs,
In the land of handsome women.

HIAWATHA.

INTRODUCTION.

Hiawatha was first published in 1855, and during the half century of its existence it has steadily gained in popular favor. It is now recognized as one of Longfellow's greatest poems and as a treasury of Indian legends nowhere else told in such beautiful and harmonious language. The following introduction to the first edition by the author explains how the legends found in the poem were obtained.

"This Indian Edda—if I may so call it—is founded on a tradition prevalent among the North American Indians of a personage of miraculous birth, who was sent among them to clear their rivers, forests and fishing-grounds, and to teach them the arts of peace. He was known among different tribes by the several names of Michabou, Chiado, Manabozho, Tarenyawagon and Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft gives an account of him in his *Algie Researches*, and in his *History, Conditions and Prospects of the Indian Tribes of the United States* may be found the Iroquois form of the tradition, derived from the narrations of an Onondaga chief. Into this old tradition I have woven other curious Indian legends, drawn chiefly from the various and valuable writings of Mr. Schoolcraft, to whom the literary world is greatly indebted for his indefatigable zeal in rescuing from oblivion so much of the legendary lore of the Indians. The scene of the poem is among the Ojibways, on the southern shore of Lake Superior, in the region between the Pictured Rocks and Grand Sable."

As shown by the preceding paragraph, Mr. Schoolcraft supposed Manabozho and Hiawatha to be the same personage. More recent investigation has proved this to be untrue. Manabozho, Chiado and Michabou are but different names for a certain Algonquin mythological character. This Manabozho, the great spirit-man of the Ojibways, was a monstrosity. In him were combined all that was brave, war-like, strong, wise and great in the conception of the Indians. He conquered the greatest magicians, overcame fiery serpents, engaged in fierce combats and performed extravagant exploits. However, in contrast to these mighty deeds he went about playing low tricks, doing much mischief, and was often in great want. In cunning and energy he was superior to anyone who had ever lived before; yet he was simple when circumstances required it and was ever the object of the tricks and ridicule of others. Hiawatha, however, is a historic personage

who was probably living when Columbus made his first voyage across the Atlantic. He was the wise Indian law-maker who founded the Confederacy of the Five Nations. The Iroquois considered him the greatest chief that ever lived. His name, translated, is THE VERY WISE MAN.

Schoolcraft's works have long been out of print, and copies are now rare. Fortunately the author of these Notes was enabled to obtain the use of a set of his works while preparing the manuscript, and the information appended was gleaned largely from them. Most of the space is devoted to explanation of the facts and traditions upon which the legends of the poem are founded. The Glossary contains the pronunciation and translation of the Indian names.

NOTES.

1. *Should you ask me*, etc.—The sources from which the legends of the poem were obtained are given in the Introduction.
8. *Reverberations*.—Repeated echoes.
13. *From the land of the Ojibways*.—The Ojibways, when first known to white men, inhabited the regions south of Lake Superior. The legends of the poem come for the most part from the mythology of the Ojibways and the Dacotahs.
14. *Dacotahs*.—A name generally applied to the tribes of the Northwest that formerly inhabited the territory between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi River, as far south as the River Platte. Mr. Longfellow, when using the term Dacotahs in this poem, means the Sioux, a Dacotah tribe that lived around the headwaters of the Mississippi.
15. *Fen-lands*.—These were lowlands wholly or partially overflowed, but producing shrubs and coarse grass.
16. *Heron*.—The great blue heron is one of the largest wading birds in the northern regions of the United States.
19. *Nawadaha*.—The Indian who first told Mr. Schoolcraft about Hiawatha. Mr. Schoolcraft wrote the legend, and Mr. Longfellow obtained it from his books.
26. *Beaver*.—A fur-bearing animal that was once abundant in the United States but which has gradually disappeared before the advance of civilization. Its favorite haunts are rivers and lakes that are bordered by forests. Beavers pass the winter in houses or lodges which are two to three feet high, are built on the edge of the water, and afford them protection from wolves and other wild beasts.
27. *Bison*.—The North American buffalo.
28. *Eyry*.—The nest of a bird that builds in a lofty place.
32. *Plover*.—One of a species of game birds that inhabit the shores of streams and lakes.
33. *Loon*.—A large northern aquatic bird.
35. *Grouse*.—A game bird commonly known as the prairie-hen.
41. *Vale of Tawasentha*.—This is a valley in Albany County, New York, and is now known as Norman's Kill.

44. *Dwelt the singer.*—The Indians had a great number of legends, stories and historical tales that formed a vast fund for winter amusement and instruction. Each Indian Village had its singer, or story-teller, who kept alive the legends and traditions of the tribe. A story-teller has been known to begin to narrate stories and legends in the month of October, and not to end until late in the spring, and on every evening of this long term to tell a new story.
73. *Palisade.*—A fence formed of strong stakes set firmly in the ground.
74. *And the thunder, etc.*—In this metaphor is embodied a belief of the Ojibways, who thought that thunder was a very large bird, and that the rumbling noise was caused by an immense number of young birds. The old bird was wise and good; it was the young birds or thunders that did the mischief, like mischievous young men who will not listen to counsel. Since mankind have become so numerous these birds are seldom seen, but they are often heard in the skies where they fly higher than they formerly did. Once they lived on human flesh, but now they subsist on the wild game of the forest. They wink and lightning flashes from their eyes. Their nests are built on the Rocky Mountains in the far West.
91. *Every human heart is human.*—This and the following lines pay a deserved tribute to Indian character. Before he learned the vices of the white man the American Indian was a moral and a religious man, believing in a creator and a future life, and was guided in his acts by a conscientious desire to meet the approval and escape the condemnation of his maker. He was a hospitable and affectionate friend, and a cruel and revengeful enemy.

The Indians existed so completely in the hunter state that they had no relish for any labor; and though they were dextrous and cunning woodsmen, excelling in all the arts of forestry, they looked with deepest contempt upon husbandry or any of the mechanic arts. Yet some knowledge of those arts was a necessity; and the Indians had sufficient skill to construct their canoes, weave bags and nets of bark, and make simple mats to cover their lodges. They also made rude pottery from a mixture of clay that would withstand the effects of sudden heating and cooling. Some tribes had a good knowledge of numbers; and they found a substitute for letters in a system of picture writing, in which the same picture or symbol always meant the same thing, and nearly all the warriors could read these symbols.

The Indian was intensely religious and not only believed in the Great Spirit but also in thousands of minor gods or spirits. The skies were filled with deities he worshiped, and the whole forest awakened with their whispers. The lakes and streams were the places of their residence, and the mountains and valleys also were their abode. All the remarkable spots in the country were their favorite resorts. The earth swarmed with all sorts of spirits, good and bad. Those of the forest clothed themselves in moss. During a shower of rain, thousands of them were sheltered in a flower. The Indian, as he reclined beneath the shade of his forest trees, imagined these gods to be about him; he detected their tiny voices in the insect's hum, and with half closed eyes he beheld them sporting by thousands on a sunbeam. In the evening they were seen and heard on every side.

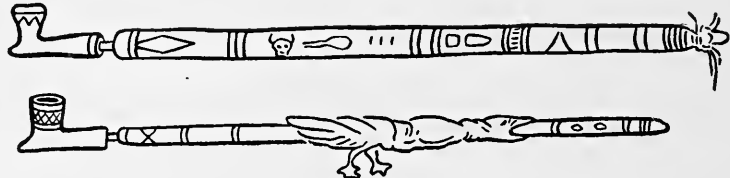
In council and public intercourse he was inclined to be formal and stately in demeanor, and cunning rather than wise. In general, he was governed more by impulse than by reason. While capable of great exertion on the instant, he could not endure the tension of long continued effort, either mental or physical; and in this respect he was no match for the white man.

I.

THE PEACE-PIPE.

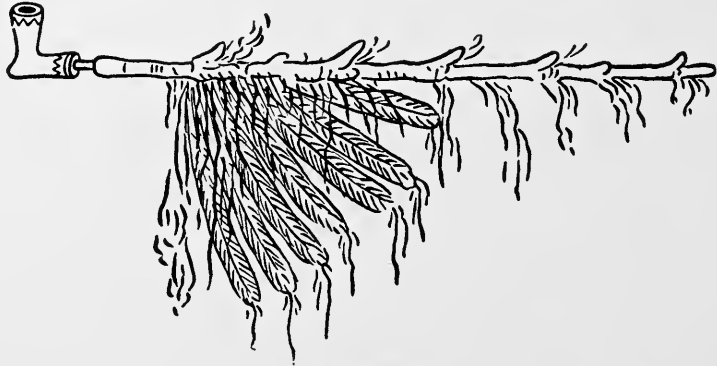
2. *The Pipe-stone Quarry.*—This quarry is located near the city of Pipestone in the southwestern part of Minnesota, near the Dakota boundary. It lies in a broad valley, with gentle slopes that terminate in long low ridges which form the *Mountains of the Prairie*. These swells occur at intervals of from two to three miles, and sometimes attain an altitude of over a hundred feet above the surrounding country. In form and relative position they closely resemble the huge waves of the ocean, but they are much larger.
5. *On the red crags of the quarry.*—The site is partially surrounded by a cliff of jasper, which extends for two miles north and south, forming the arc of a circle and rising in some places perpendicularly to a height of twenty-five or thirty feet. In places the jasper is of a deep blood-red and forms a beautiful background for the valley below. A small stream that is formed by several springs on top plunges over the cliff at about its center, forming a beautiful cascade.
Near the banks of this creek the pipestone is buried from four to five feet deep. It is a soft clay rock of very fine texture. In color it varies from a deep red to a light pinkish gray. Some specimens are mottled by a mingling of the two colors, but only the red stone is considered suitable for pipes. This stone is the most valuable legendary treasure of the North American Indians, and for centuries Pipestone Valley was neutral ground, where all tribes could gather without fear of war or discord to procure the precious stone for the calumet; and many interesting legends are woven around the place. The only other locality from which pipestone is obtained is a quarry at Sioux Falls, South Dakota.
3. *Gitche Manito.*—The Great Spirit, the Indian Creator.
23. *Filled the pipe with bark of willow.*—The Indians of the Northwest did not know of tobacco until the white traders brought it to them; but there are many weeds, leaves and barks of trees which are narcotics that grew in their country, and which they dried, pulverized and smoked. *Knick-knick*, or the bark of the red willow, was used the most.
25. *Breathed upon the neighboring forest, etc.*—Here the poet attributes to the Great Spirit an act which was customary with the Indians on a small scale, that of kindling a fire by rubbing two pieces of dry wood together.
32. *And the smoke rose slowly, etc.*—The chief means of communication between two parties of Indians some distance apart was by signal fires.
42. *From the Vale of Tawasentha, etc.*—This and the following lines name localities representing the entire country. The council included all the tribes of the land. Pipes made from pipestone have been found in Indian graves as far east as Oswego, N. Y.
50. *Prophets of the Nations.*—These were usually the leading religious teachers, and were supposed to be able to read the messages of the Great Spirit and the other gods, by observing the phenomena of nature and the acts of animals, and through dreams. Occasionally a prophet led his tribe in war. Pontiac and Tecumseh were called prophets.
72. *Painted like the leaves of Autumn.*—The Indians used red as a symbol of bravery and of war, and when on the war path they decorated their weapons and even their bodies and faces with bright red paint.

78. *The ancestral thirst for vengeance.*—When they were first known to white men a number of Indian tribes were constantly at war with each other, because of ancient feuds that extended back for so many generations that the oldest men could not relate the story of their beginning. The feud between the Algonquins and the Iroquois was of this nature.
85. *Feuds.*—Lines 86 and 87 are definitions of this word.
102. *Roe.*—A female deer.
Reindeer.—The North American reindeer, or caribou, were formerly found in great herds in Canada. The reindeer is more heavily built than other species of deer.
103. *Brant.*—A species of wild goose.
116. *I will send a Prophet to you.*—Hiawatha, the hero of the poem. The poet gives to this hero the name and character of the chief who founded the Confederacy of the Five Nations, and the good attributes of the Ojibway demi-god, Manabozho. The birth of the hero and most of his marvelous powers and deeds are ascribed by tradition to Manabozho, but his wisdom and high moral character are those of the Iroquois Hiawatha.



Pipes,

129. *Mould and make it into Peace-pipes.*—The Indians took great pains in making their pipes. The bowls of many of them were designed and carved with taste and skill. The stems, which were from two to four feet in length and from one to two inches in width, were sometimes round, but usually flat, and were generally made from the stalk of the young ash. The stems were often ingeniously carved, and were decorated with braids of dyed porcupine quills and with bright feathers. The beak and tuft of the red-headed woodpecker were also frequently used.



Calumet.

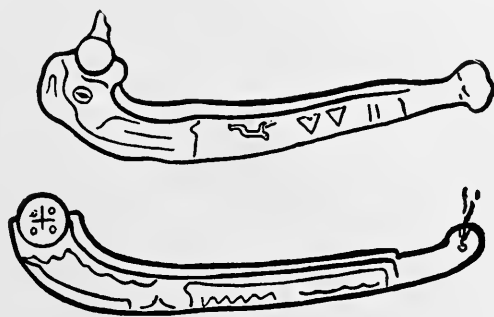
The Calumet, or Peace-Pipe, was a sacred pipe and was ornamented with the war-eagle's quills. It was used only when making peace. On such an occasion the representatives of the contending parties sat in a circle, the calumet was passed from one to another, and each smoked one puff. This was an inviolable pledge to adhere to the terms agreed upon by both parties, and was, in fact, equivalent to the *signing* of a

treaty of peace among civilized nations. The calumet was also carried as an emblem of peace when passing through the territory belonging to strange tribes. Those carrying it were seldom molested.

II.

THE FOUR WINDS.

4. *Belt of Wampum*.—Wampum is the name of beads manufactured by the Indians from vari-colored shells, which they filed and cut into bits from one-half to one and one-half inches in length and perforated with stone awls, giving them the shape of pieces of broken pipe stem. These they strung on deer sinews and wore on their necks in profusion; or they wove them ingeniously into war belts. The tribes of the Atlantic coast made their beads much smaller than did the tribes of the interior, and among them wampum circulated as money. The belt was passed in treaty, as a pledge of friendship, and sent to hostile tribes as a message of peace. The Indians believed their gods to be the possessors of numerous belts of wampum, and in this sense only was it considered sacred.
6. *Wabasso*.—Wabasso was a son of Mudjekeewis. As soon as he was born he fled to the North, where he was changed to a white rabbit, and, as such, was considered a sacred spirit.
25. *Muffle*.—A cloth or fur wrap for the neck and nose.
43. “*Hark you, Bear! you are a coward.*”—The Mohicans and Delawares were accustomed to address in a similar manner any animal that they attacked.
44. *Brave*.—A strong-hearted warrior. See note on line 237, Hiawatha's Childhood.



War Clubs.

58. *War-club*.—The war-club was a shaft of heavy wood with a ball carved at one side of the head. In this ball were sometimes fastened jagged pieces of rock. The Indians, in telling this story, say that Mudjekeewis could shatter a tree with one blow of his club, as does the lightning when striking it.
61. *Broke his skull, as ice is broken*.—The Indians fished as much in winter as in summer. They would break holes in the ice, and in shallow water spear the fish, or in deep water catch them with hook and line.
105. *Gathering water-flags and rushes*.—The Indian women wove mats and baskets out of flags and rushes.

123. *Till into a star he changed her.*—The stars and sky were carefully observed by the red men. Thunder and lightning, the aurora borealis, the rainbow, the milky way, the morning and evening stars, and the more prominent groups of fixed and minor stars were specifically named by the Indians who, like the ancient Greeks, had a story or myth that explained the existence of each.
141. *Cormorant.*—One of a family of aquatic birds, whose general color is a glossy greenish black, and which are found in the United States along the coast and around the large lakes of the interior.
141. *Curlew.*—A wading bird, which is found in all temperate parts of North America. It has a long, slender, curved bill, long legs, and a short tail, and frequents the seashore and open moorlands.
142. *Sedge.*—A plant growing in tufts in marshy regions.
Sea-tang.—A kind of seaweed.
153. *Shingebis, the diver.*—The grebe, commonly known as the hell-diver.
155. *Fens.*—Lowlands covered with water, but producing aquatic plants.
Moorlands.—Cheerless tracts of land, overgrown with shrubs and sometimes marshy.
244. *Moon of Snow-shoes.*—November.
298. *Shawondasee.*—The Indians in telling the story of Shawondasee to their children draw from it the following moral: "My children, it is not wise to differ in our tastes from other people; nor ought we to put off, through slothfulness, what is best done at once. Had Shawondasee conformed to the tastes of his countrymen, he would not have been an admirer of *yellow* hair; and had he shown a proper activity in his youth, his mind would not have run to flower gathering in his age."

III.

HIAWATHA'S CHILDHOOD.

17. "*Sec! a star falls!*"—The Indians when they saw a star fall thought that it was a spirit descending from the upper regions to earth.
66. *Wigwam.*—The wigwam or lodge was of two kinds. In making one kind, slender poles were placed in the ground in a circle, the tops were bent over and tied together, and this frame was covered with long rolls of white birch bark, with mats woven of reeds and rushes, or with the skins of large animals. This lodge looked much like a large hemisphere. In making the other kind of wigwam, the poles were not bent over, but were left straight and tied at the top. This lodge resembled a large cone, and is known as the tepee.
76. *Rocked in his linden cradle.*—The cradle is an object of great pride to the Indian mother, and she spares no pains or expense in decorating it. It consists of a piece of flat wood which supports the back, a foot-rest, and a small hoop to protect the head. The entire structure is very light and is carved with a knife by the men from linden or maple wood.

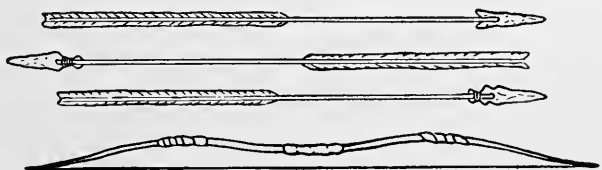
The papoose, "bedded soft in moss and rushes," is placed in the cradle, and a bandage is bound around baby, cradle, and all, giving the little one the appearance of a small mummy. A carrying strap is fastened to the cradle near the head of the infant, by which the mother

can swing it to her back or hang it in an upright position in the lodge or on the limb of a tree. After hanging up the cradle, the mother gives it a gentle push, causing it to swing back and forth like a pendulum. It is from this motion that the leading idea of the Indian cradle songs is taken.



Cradle.

80. "*Hush! the Naked Bear will get thee!*"—Mishe-Mokwa, the "Great Bear of the Mountains," slain by Mudjekeewis. This was a common expression used by Indian mothers to frighten their children into good behavior.
82. "*Ewa-yea, my little owlet.*"—This lullaby and "the song of children," a few lines farther on, are translations of two Ojibway songs.
86. *Many things Nokomis taught him, etc.*—See note on line 123, *The Four Winds*.
88. *Ishkoodah, the comet.*—Some tribes thought that the appearance of a comet was an omen of pestilence.
90. *Death-Dance of the spirits.*—The aurora borealis. The Winnebagos believed that the aurora borealis was produced by a bad spirit, and that it foretold death.
94. *Showed the broad white road, etc.*—The milky way, that broad, luminous path extending across the heavens nearly from north to south. It is composed of innumerable stars, so distant and so blended together that they cannot be distinguished without a telescope.
145. *Learned of every bird its language.*—The Indians believed that all animals had souls, and that they had reasoning powers and could talk. When animals died their spirits went to the Happy Hunting Grounds, where they were again encountered by the spirits of the Indian dead.
159. *Iagoo.*—The personage in Indian mythology noted for telling extravagant stories of whatever he saw, heard or accomplished. Whenever a brave boasted of his deeds more than they would warrant, the Indians said that he talked like Iagoo.



Bow and Arrows.

163. *Made a bow for Hiawatha.*—The Indian bow varied from thirty to forty-four inches in length, the average bow being about thirty-six inches long. It was made of ash, ironwood, red cedar or hickory, and was lined on the back with deer's sinews, which were inseparably attached to it and gave it great elasticity. Indians have been known to use the bow with such force and skill as to drive an arrow through the body of a buffalo.
171. *Kill for us a famous roebuck.*—There were three ways of hunting deer. A snare was sometimes used, and was so placed that the deer's neck was caught in such a manner that the harder he tried to get loose the tighter he was caught. Another way was by driving spikes of wood into the ground on the deer-path, just the other side of a log over which the deer would be expected to jump. In jumping the log, the deer must fall upon these sharp spikes, which would pierce him through and kill him. The third manner of killing deer was with the bow and arrow. The hunter watched at the "salt licks" or at the borders of lakes or rivers where the deer went to feed on the grass. An Indian could kill a deer in the woods at a distance of fifty paces.
171. *Roebuck.*—A deer with antlers.
234. *Called him Strong-Heart.*—The Indian noun, *soan-ge-taha*, has been translated in English as *brave*, meaning a warrior; but the real meaning is *strong-heart*, as given here. Thus, if we translated the word literally, instead of saying that Black Hawk and his braves attacked a village, we would say that Black Hawk and his strong-hearts attacked a village.

IV.

HIAWATHA AND MUDJEKEEWIS.

1. *Out of childhood, etc.*—The education of an Indian boy began as soon as he was able to walk and run about. A tiny bow was given him, and when he acquired strength he was encouraged to use it in hunting small birds and squirrels. His first success, whether gained with the bow or with the snare, was extravagantly praised, and the animal killed, no matter how small, was prepared by the child's mother and sisters for a feast, to which the chiefs and warriors of the village were ceremoniously invited.

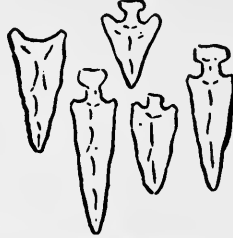
The Indian boy was carefully taught the arts of hunting and war, the principles of each being enforced and constantly applied by daily example and precept. Even their games—such as sham battles, games of ball and contests in running and jumping—were of such nature that they would help the boys to acquire skill in war or the chase. The principles of these two callings were as carefully taught and impressed upon the Indian youth as are the elements of reading, writing and arithmetic upon the American boys of today.

21. *Moccasins.*—The Indian's shoes were made of buckskin. The skin was steeped in water, dressed with deer's brains, and smoked until soft, smooth and pliant. It was tough and compact, and did not absorb moisture. There were many styles of moccasins. The shoes of each tribe differed in some respects from those of all others. The moccasins of the Ojibway were gathered from the tip of the toe to the ankle. It is from this that the tribe takes the name Ojibway, the meaning of which is *gathering*.

40. *Deer-skin shirt*.—This shirt was made of two skins so fastened together as to be supported on the shoulders, allowing the head to pass through an opening left for that purpose. The war shirt was profusely decorated with dyed porcupine quills, wampum, sweet grass and other ornaments. The favorite colors were bright red and blue.

Leggings.—These were made just the length of the leg, and were fastened to a belt worn under the shirt. The outer seam of the legging was frequently decorated with fringe.
42. *On his head his eagle feathers*.—The feathers of the eagle were the most highly prized ornaments of the Indian's costume, and the mode in which a feather was cut and worn was a matter of importance. Feathers were awarded for deeds of valor; for example, a brave was permitted to wear three eagle feathers for each enemy that he killed or captured in battle. Thus the number of feathers in an Indian's headdress would indicate his skill and bravery in war.
43. *Round his waist his belt of wampum*.—See note on line 4, *The Four Winds*.
47. *Jasper*.—Jasper was frequently used in making arrow heads. It is an opaque impure quartz of a variety of colors, and takes a high polish.
69. *Antelope*.—An animal which very much resembles the deer. Large herds of them at one time roamed over the plains west of the Mississippi River, but they are now almost extinct.
70. *Esconaba*.—A river of Northern Michigan which flows into the Little Bay de Noquet.
73. *Land of Crows and Foxes*.—The country that now comprises North and South Dakota.
74. *Dwellings of the Blackfeet*.—The Blackfeet lived around the head waters of the Missouri River.
106. *Indomitable*.—Not to be subdued.
107. *Invulnerable*.—Not to be wounded.
209. *Flamingo*.—A bird with a long neck and long legs that lives in the tropics. Its general color is red, and it builds its nest of mud in wet localities.
223. *Slay all monsters and magicians*.—The Indians believed in Gitche Manito, the God of Good, who ruled the universe. Opposed to him was a God of Evil. The heavens were the abode of the God of Good and the earth was the dwelling place of the God of Evil. Each of these gods was provided with a host of minor gods or spirits, who under the shape of birds, beasts, reptiles, men, demons, dwarfs, sorcerers, fairies, pygmies, and other forms inhabited the world. Of all the evil spirits, the *Wendigoes*, or *giants*, were the most dreaded.
229. *Pauguk*.—Pauguk is the personification of death. The Indians conceived him as existing without flesh or blood. His bones were covered with a thin transparent skin, and his eye sockets were filled with balls of fire. He was a hunter, but he hunted only men, women and children. To see him was a sure indication of death.
257. *Falls of Minnehaha*.—These falls are on Minnehaha Creek but a few miles southeast of Minneapolis. They are sixty feet high and are noted for their remarkable beauty.
260. *There the Ancient Arrow-maker*.—Arrow-making was the most skillful mechanical work done by the Indians. The arrow-maker first produced the stone in fairly good sized pieces, which he broke into smaller fragments by placing them on his hip with some hard substance underneath and striking them a blow with a hammer. When the blow was given there was then a sufficient yield in the stone to keep it from being shattered into bits, and the arrow-maker could thus break the lump into

any sized pieces he desired. Great skill and patience were required in chipping the edges of the arrow heads. Indeed, such was the skill required, both in selecting and fracturing the stone, that arrow-making was the employment of particular men, generally old men who had laid aside hunting to make arrow and spear heads. The arrow heads were mostly made of quartz and flint, though hard sandstone, jasper, and chaledony were occasionally used. The arrow heads were fastened to the shaft by inserting the butt of the head in the split end of the shaft, and tying round it a string of deer sinews.



Arrow Heads.

262. *Chalcedony*.—A translucent variety of quartz.

V.

HIAWATHA'S FASTING.

Fasts.—One of the most universal and deep seated of Indian customs was that of fasting. No young man was fitted to begin the career of life until he had accomplished his great fast. Seven days appear to have been the maximum limit of endurance, and the success of the young devotee was inferred from the length of time he was able to abstain from food. These fasts were anticipated by the Indian youth as one of the most important events of his life, prepared for with solemnity and endured with a self-devotion bordering on the heroic. During the fast the boy lived alone in a secluded lodge built for the purpose and passed the time in meditation and in prayer to the Great Spirit. He was supposed to see in visions the guardian spirit that was to watch over him for the rest of his life.

33. *Saw the wild rice*.—Wild rice was one of the staple foods of the Indian.

167. *Quicken*.—Revive.

286. *Feast of Mondamin*.—Mr. Longfellow gives this feast as occurring after the kernels of corn had turned to grain. It occurred, however, when the corn was ripe for being cooked on the ear. The Feast of Mondamin (the Spirit's grain) was an offering of the first product of the cornfield to the power that caused its growth. The ceremonies began with the gathering of the corn from the field. It was then carried to the lodge, boiled in water, and served on the ear to the invited guests, after being offered to the Great Spirit in thankfulness. Each guest brought his own dish and retired backward through the door, whence he proceeded to his own lodge, where the corn was eaten.

VI.

HIAWATHA'S FRIENDS.

32. *Flutes so musical and mellow*.—The Indian flute consisted of two pieces of cedar, hollowed out and glued together so as to form a tube. The instrument had a mouthpiece at one end and from six to eight key holes.

63. *Islands of the Blessed.*—The Indians had many conceptions of the place where their spirits of the dead dwelt. One of these was, that when an Indian died his spirit was taken across a body of water in a canoe to some beautiful islands. Here it was always summer; the birds were ever singing; game was in abundance; and every one was happy. Only the spirits of those who had lived good lives ever reached these islands. When a canoe carried the spirit of a bad Indian it sank near the shore of one of these islands, and left him standing in water up to his neck, doomed to gaze forever at the happy life that is denied to him.
85. *Much besought his Guardian Spirit.*—Every Indian believed that he had a guardian spirit which was chosen by him during his youthful fast. This spirit accompanied him everywhere and in its power and good influence he placed his trust under every circumstance. It formed the theme of his silent meditations; but, however deeply mused upon, the name of this spirit was never uttered, and every circumstance connected with the devotion paid it was studiously and professedly concealed.
94. *With my nets you never help me.*—The Indian women made their nets from ropes made from the barks of the cedar and the basswood and from the sinews of animals.
140. *Quoit.*—Any heavy, flat missile used to be pitched in play at an object.
148. *Pauwating.*—The body of water connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron, now known as the Saint Mary's River.
174. *Long they lived in peace together.*—In other parts of this poem, Mr. Longfellow tells how the evil spirits grew jealous of Chibiabos and killed him; how he was made ruler of the land of spirits; and how, later, Kwasind was slain by the envious fairies and pygmies.

VII.

HIAWATHA'S SAILING.

17. *Taquamenaw.*—A river in Northern Michigan.
19. *Moon of Leaves.*—May.
69. *Balm.*—Balm, or balsam, is a resin that has a pleasant odor.
75. *Fissure.*—A narrow opening made by the parting of any substance.
82. *Hedgehog.*—The Canadian porcupine.



Canoe.

96. *Thus the Birch Canoe was builded, etc.*—The birch canoe is the lightest and most graceful in form of all water craft. The canoes vary in length from the small Chippewa hunting canoe here described, which was about twelve feet long, to the large war canoes, which were thirty-six feet long and held fourteen men.

VIII.

HIAWATHA'S FISHING.

85. *Bream*.—Another name for the sun-fish.
 101. *Refulgent*.—Radiant; splendid.
 179. *Rift*.—An opening made by rending or splitting.
 217. *Sated*.—Having a satisfied appetite.

IX.

HIAWATHA AND THE PEARL FEATHER.

22. *Wampum*.—See note on line 4, The Four Winds.
 37. *Pestilential*.—Bearing disease.
 38. *Exhalations*.—Breaths.
 67. *Hurtled*.—Circled rapidly.
 92. *Weltering*.—Rolling.
 292. *He adorned and decked his pipe-stem*, etc.—The tuft of feathers of the red-headed woodpecker was emblematic of valor, and was used to ornament the stems of the Indian pipes.

GLOSSARY.

- Adjidau'mo* (ad-ji-daw'mo), Tail-in-Air, the red squirrel.
Ahmeek', the King of Beavers.
Algonquin (al-gon'kin), Ojibway.
Apukwa (ah-puck'wah), the bulrush.
Baimwawa (baim-wah'wah), sound of thunder.
Bemahgut (be-maw'goot), the grape-vine.
Bena (bee'nah), the pheasant.
Big Sea Water, Lake Superior.
Camanches (kah-man'chez), an Indian tribe.
Chemau'n', a birch canoe.
Chetowaik (chet-to-wake'), the plover.
Chibiabos (ki-bi-ah'bose), a musician; friend of Hiawatha; Ruler in the Land of Spirits.
Dacotah (dah-ko'tah), a name including many tribes of the Northwest; in this poem, however, it is used to designate the modern Sioux (Soo) only.
Dahinda (dah-hin'dah), the bullfrog.
Esa (ee'sah), shame upon you.
Esconaba (es-co-nah'bah), a river in Northern Michigan.
Ewa-yea (ee'waw-ye'ay), lullaby.
Gheezis (ge'ziz), the sun.
Gitche Gumee (git'che goo'me), the Big Sea Water; Lake Superior.
Hiawatha (he-ah-waw'tha), the Wise Man; the Teacher; son of Mudjekeewis, the West-Wind, and Wenonah, daughter of Nokomis.
Hurons (Hew'rons), a tribe of Indians.

- Iagoo* (ee-aw'goo), a great boaster and story-teller.
Ish-koo-dah', fire; a comet.
Kabeyun (kay'bee-yun), the West-Wind.
Kabibonokka (kah-bib-bow-noke'kah), the North-Wind.
Kagh (kawgh), the hedgehog, or porcupine.
Kago (kaw'go), do not.
Kahgahgee (kah-gah-je'), the raven.
Kaween (kah-ween'), no indeed.
Kayoshk (kay-oshk'), the Noble Scratcher; the sea-gull.
Kecwaydin (ke-way'din), the Northwest-Wind, the Home-Wind.
Kenabeek (ken-naw'beek), a serpent.
Kenue (ken-new'), the great war-eagle.
Kenozha (ken-no'zah), the pickerel.
Kwasind (kwaw'sind), the Strong Man.
Mahng, the loon.
Mahn-go-tay'see, loon-hearted, brave.
Mahnomonee (mah-no-mo'nee), wild rice.
Mama (may'mah), the woodpecker.
Mandans (man'danz), an Indian tribe.
Manito (man'y-to), a spirit, a demi-god.
Maskenozha (mas-ken-no'zah), the pike.
Meenahga (mee-nah'gah), the blueberry.
Megissogwon (me-jis-sog'won), the great Pearl-Feather, a magician, and the Manito of Wealth and Wampum.
Minjekahwun (min-je-kaw'wun), Hiawatha's mittens.
Minnehaha (min-ne-hah'hah), Laughing Water; a water-fall on a stream entering the Mississippi near Minneapolis.
Minnehaha, Laughing Water; daughter of the Ancient Arrow-maker.
Minnewawa (min-ne-waw'waw), the sound of wind in the pine trees.
Mishe-Mokwa (mi'she-mo'kwaw), the Great Bear of the Mountains.
Mishe-Nahma (mi'she-nah'mah), the Great Sturgeon, the King of Fishes.
Mondamin (mon-daw'min), the Spirit's grain; Indian corn.
Moon of Leaves, May.
Moon of Snow-shoes, November.
Mudjekeewis (mud-je-ke'wis), the West-Wind, father of Hiawatha.
Mudway-aushka (mud-way-awsh'kah), the sound of waves on a shore.
Mushkodasa (mush-ko-day'sah), the grouse.
Muskoday (Mus'ko-day), the meadow.
Nahma (nah'mah), the sturgeon.
Nawadaha (nah-wah-daw'hah), the singer.
Nokomis (no-ko'mis), a grandmother; mother of Wenonah.
Odahmin (o-dah'min), the strawberry.
Ojibways (o-jib'wayz), an Indian tribe that originally inhabited the territory south of Lake Superior.
Okahahwis (o-kah-hah'wis), the fresh-water herring.
Omeme (o-me'mah), the pigeon.
Opechee (o-pe'che), the robin.

- Owaissa* (o-ways'sah), the bluebird.
- Pauguk* (paw'guck), death.
- Pauwating* (paw-way'ting), the body of water connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron, now known as the Saint Marys River.
- Pezhekee* (pez'he-ke), the bison.
- Ponemah* (poe-ne'mah), the land of the Hereafter.
- Puggawaugun* (pew-gah-waw'gun), a war club.
- Pukwana* (puck-way'nah), the smoke of the Peace-Pipe.
- Sahwa* (sah'wah), the perch.
- Sebowisha* (seb-bow-wish'ah), a brook.
- Segwun* (seeg-wun'), spring.
- Shahbomin* (shah-bo'min), the gooseberry.
- Shah-Shah*, long ago.
- Shaugodaya* (shaw-go-day'yah), a coward.
- Shawgashee* (shaw-gah-shee'), the craw-fish.
- Shawondasee* (shaw-won-day'see), the South-Wind.
- Shaw-shaw*, the swallow.
- Shingebis* (shin'gee-bis), the diver, or grebe.
- Shoshonies* (show'show-nez), an Indian tribe.
- Shuhshuhgah* (shew-shew'gah), the blue heron.
- Soangetaha* (sone-gah-tah'hah), strong-hearted; a brave warrior.
- Suggema* (soo-je'mah), the mosquito.
- Taquamenaw* (tah-kwa-me'naw), a river in Northeastern Michigan, now known as the Taquamenon.
- Tawasentha* (tah-wah-sen'tha), Vale of, a valley in Albany County, New York, now known as Norman's Kill.
- Tuscaloosa* (tus-kah-loo'sah), a county in Central Alabama.
- Ugudwash* (you-gud-wash'), the sun-fish.
- Wabasso* (waw-bass'so), the white rabbit; the North.
- Wabun* (waw'bun), the East-Wind.
- Wabun An'ning*, the Star of the East, the Morning Star.
- Wahonowin* (wah-huh-no'win), a cry of lamentation.
- Wahwahtaysee* (waw-waw-tay'see), the fire-fly.
- Wampum* (wom'pum), beads of shell.
- Wawa* (waw'waw), the wild goose.
- Wawbeek* (waw'beek), a rock.
- Wawonaissa* (waw-won-ais'sah), the whippoorwill.
- Wendigoes* (wen'dig-goez), giants, monsters; the most dreadful of the Evil Spirits.
- Wenonah* (wen-no'nah), Hiawatha's mother, daughter of Nokomis.
- Wyoming* (wi-o'ming), Valley of, a valley in Northern Pennsylvania.
- Yenadizze* (yen-nah-diz'zah), an idle fellow.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 971 484 6